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*A. Smock*

HIPPOLYTUS,

*George Haas. A. B.*  
AND

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS,

TWO TRAGEDIES OF

EURIPIDES.

*Two rose plates*

TRANSLATED BY

*Michael*  
M. WODHULL, ESQ.

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# P R E F A C E.

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**E**URIPIDES was born in the island of Salamis, in the seventy-fifth Olympiad; his parents Mnesarchus and Clito having retired thither from Athens at the time that city was menaced by the powerful armament of Xerxes. Historians are by no means agreed as to the rank of our Poet's Father and Mother: the proofs which some endeavour to adduce of their nobility do not appear by any means convincing; and if we admit the oracle of Apollo to have been consulted by them during the pregnancy of Clito, in regard to the fortunes of their future Child, as an attention to the voice of soothsayers is by no means peculiar to those of high birth or affluence, it might be too precipitate to conclude from thence, with Bayle, either that her station in life was superior to that of an herb-woman, or that the distressed circumstances of her Husband were not among his principal motives for changing the place

to mere accident, and suppose that his meditations, caused him to wander too far into a wood: he appears, at the time this calamity befel him, to have been more than seventy years old.

Archelaus caused the remains of the Tragic Bard to be interred at Pella with great funeral magnificence. No sooner did the account of his death reach Athens, than he was universally lamented by his countrymen; Sophocles, like a generous rival, appeared dressed in mourning, and introduced his actors on the stage without garlands. The road leading from the city to the Piræus, was the spot pitched upon by the Athenians for erecting a monument in honour of Euripides. Though the pieces he composed were numerous, being, according to some writers seventy-five, and according to others ninety-two, Mæschopulus says he gained only five prizes, four while living, and one after his death: some years, however, before he retired to Macedon, Plutarch relates, in his Life of Nicias, that several Athenian soldiers, whom the Sicilians had taken prisoners, by repeating to their conquerors some verses of Euripides, obtained the kindest treatment, and a speedy release from their captivity.

Longinus celebrates Euripides for his peculiar excellence in describing Love and Madness: talents for moving pity in a superior degree to any other dramatic writer, have been with one consent allowed to be his characteristic. Quintilian recommends his Tragedies in the strongest terms to pleaders at the bar; and it would here be easy to fill many pages with testimonies highly honourable to him, both from the ancients and moderns: but the merits of Euripides are so generally known, that I shall not

attempt to enter on a minute discussion of them, being sensible that the translator of a favourite Author is of all men least adequate to the province of impartial Criticism.

A considerable portion of my time has for several years been employed in either forming or revising this version, which I submit to the decision of the public, and am by no means sanguine in my hopes of its success : but whatever reception this undertaking may meet with, I shall never be brought to consider any labours as utterly fruitless which have introduced me to a more intimate knowledge of these valuable remains of antiquity, than I should otherwise in all probability have acquired. Such a search as seemed absolutely necessary into most of the comments and various readings, poured in abundantly from every quarter, very considerably retarded my progress, but has not been without its use, in enabling me to rectify some material errors which had escaped notice : after all the circumspection I have made use of, the number of my inaccuracies will I fear still be found considerable, and would inevitably have been much greater, but for the kindness of those learned Friends who have taken the trouble of comparing my translation with the original, in passages where the Author's sense seemed most dubious. Another Gentleman, who died about six years ago, leaving those who had the happiness of knowing him every reason to regret his loss, favoured me at an early period with some useful remarks on my version of the *Orestes*, and agreed with me that the subjoining to it a short History of the House of *Tantalus* might be of service, towards making events with which the greater part of Euripides's Tragedies have some degree of connection, better known to such

readers as are not intimately conversant with the mythological records of those times, than could have been done by spitting what is there collected into a variety of detached notes.

As for any help beyond what is already mentioned, I have had no coadjutor either in the translation or notes, some of which I am sensible will to many be uninteresting, but are inserted through a mere principle of self-defence, as vouchers for my interpretation. The ground-work on which I proceeded has been Barnes's valuable edition: of this, as near ninety years are now elapsed since its publication, I may be indulged with the more freedom in speaking my sentiments: to that learned Commentator I feel myself under a multitude of obligations, which I shall always acknowledge with pleasure: if it be objected that some of his notes are prolix and desultory, it ought to be remembered on the other hand, that he had not only a considerable skill in verbal criticism, but always availed himself of extensive reading, aided by a peculiar happiness of memory, for illustrating the mythology and customs of the Antients, and throwing the clearest light on some passages which before were either totally misunderstood, or considered as unintelligible. But such is the imperfection of the human capacity, that no editions are exempt from many defects. In the copy of Barnes which I made use of, I have from time to time written down on the margin such corrections or variations as occurred to me on perusing the notes of Valkenaer, Mr. Markland, Dr. Musgrave, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Brunck, and others; most of which, especially those which were so material as in any degree to interest an English reader, I afterwards examined with a greater degree of attention in revis-

ing my translation. The Index subjoined to the fourth volume is meant to assist the English reader, and supply the most material interpretations left deficient in my notes, which are sometimes, I perceive, too thinly scattered, especially in the Fragments.

Wherever the antient Editions are cited, I have seldom failed turning to the passage in them, or consulting a quotation in its original Author before I ventured to transcribe it: but even in these respects the library of an obscure individual will not always second the wishes of its owner, or enable him to proceed uniformly in his search; nor must I omit mentioning among its deficiencies that of frequently reducing me to give my own version of lines quoted from the Poets, because I had none to copy. In regard to Manuscripts, wherever they are mentioned, I produce my vouchers, and am not able to say any thing from myself: to such readings, brought forward by later Editors, as are founded on their joint concurrence, I have considered the utmost deference as due: these I am very happy to find are by far less numerous *and less violent in their operation* than I had been taught to apprehend. As for mere conjectural alterations, from whatever quarter they proceed, or however eagerly they are maintained, they are universally allowed to be extremely dangerous auxiliaries to a translator, unless their boasted acuteness and ingenuity is corroborated by a necessity for their introduction.

At my first entrance on this undertaking, I did not extend my views beyond a volume of select Tragedies; but the farther I proceeded, the more dubious I found myself what to choose and what to reject; added to this motive, the disapprobation



## F A C E.

tions of celebrated writers by the public, determined small progress, to translate the Fragments, consisting of five hundred lines, appear trivial gleanings which I was to omit: their intrinsic merit, and so ample a collection, as in Barnes's edition, but subsequent improvements and death, Vaikenaer, and Dr. Mead, claims to the attention of the Volume of no inconsiderable proportion by Carmelli to the others have caused some addition to the number, of my fourth seemed ill calculated for which I have omitted; as the those Greek letters which are, together with here and there, or such as was nearly ready occurred.

to be superfluous to premise, the remains of the Philosophy and with the noblest precepts will find some few sentences supposed to be the language of the Athenian stage, effeminating their blasphemies, but in order to strike their signal punishment, as in the case of Ixion: it is with great pleasure that Plutarch cites one of these showing the irreligious dispo-

If I have not translated the arguments prefixed to each Tragedy, it is by no means owing to any wish to decline so small an addition to the task I had engaged in, but merely to my judging that the Prologues or introductory speeches, which are usually very clear and circumstantial, render such assistance less needful for the purpose of illustrating Euripides, than in any dramatic performances I ever recollect to have met with, whether antient or modern: which made me apprehend, that such double preludes, first in plain prose and then in verse, might be thought superfluous.

Of the notes, which I have already mentioned, I have little more to say, but that they are collected from a variety of editors and commentators, and will, I hope, many of them, be found explanatory of antient manners, and the history of the Fabulous and Heroic ages: the few of my own which I have hazarded, however defective in other respects, I can venture to speak of as written by an unconnected man, who is not disposed to step aside either to flatter the living, or insult the dead, and whose peculiar attention it has been to keep them clear from every the smallest allusion to any modern disputes either in politics or literature. If opinions relative to matters of criticism are there at any time maintained against those to whom it might seem that implicit deference is due from one so greatly their inferior, I trust it will be found, upon examination, that I am not contending for readings or interpretations of my own broaching, but such as have been received by those who are the more to be relied upon, because their fame has stood undiminished thro' a series of years.]

*Berkley-square,*

*April 24th, 1782.*



H I P P O L Y T U S.

Ἡ μιν παλευσει δυσλίοις οἰκτρὸν βροχοῖς,  
Ερωίας, ἐκ ερωίας, ἀλλ' Εριννυων  
Πικρὰν ἀποψήλασα κηβεῖλον παγην.

LYCOPHRON.

**PERSONS of the DRAMA.**

**V E N U S.**

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

**ATTENDANTS of HIPPOLYTUS.**

**OFFICER** *belonging to the Palace.*

**CHORUS** *of Troezenian Dames.*

**NURSE.**

**PHÆDRA:**

**THESEUS.**

**MESSENGERS.**

**DIANA.**

**SCENE,** *before PITTHEUS' Palace at Troezen.*

## H I P P O L Y T U S.

## V E N U S.

**M**Y empire Man confesses, and the name  
 Of Venus echoes thro' Heaven's wide expanse.  
 Among all those who on the distant coast  
 Of ocean dwell, and earth's remotest bounds  
 Old Atlas' station, who upholds the skies,  
 Beholding the resplendent solar beams;  
 On them who to my power due homage pay  
 Great honours I bestow, and to the dust  
 Humble each proud contemner. E'en the race  
 Of happy Deities with pleasure view  
 The reverence mortals yield them. Of these words  
 Ere long will I display the truth: that Son

Of Theseus and the [1] Amazonian Dame,  
 Hippolytus, by holy Pittheus taught,  
 E'en he alone among all those who dwell  
 Here in Trœzenè, of th' immortal Powers  
 Styles me the weakest, loathes the genial bed,  
 Nor to the sacred nuptial yoke will bow :  
 Apollo's Sister Dian sprung from Jove :  
 He worships, her the greatest he esteems  
 Of all the Gods, and ever in her groves  
 A favour'd comrade of the virgin dwells,  
 With his swift hounds the flying beasts of prey  
 Expelling from their haunts, and aims at more  
 Than human nature reaches : him in this  
 I envy not : why should I ? yet shall vengeance  
 This day o'ertake the miscreant : I have forg'd  
 Each implement already, and there needs  
 But little labour to effect his doom.

[1] Plutarch says the name of the Amazonian captive whom Theseus married, was, according to some, Antiope, and, according to others, Hippolyta. In Petit. Leg. Att. l. 6. tit. 1. the reader will find a discussion of that law which enjoined the Athenians to take to Wife a citizen, which appears to have undergone several fluctuations, and sometimes to have been enforced with more, and sometimes with less strictness; nor can we wonder if the children of Phædra; who was the Daughter of Minos king of Crete; and married to their sovereign, were legitimated by the people of Athens, while the Son of the captive Amazon, especially after the death of his Mother, and second marriage of his Father, found the law made use of against him, in order to bar his succeeding to the throne: but his exclusion is represented by the Nurse, v. 305, as depending on Phædra's life. In the course of this Tragedy, Theseus, v. 962, and Hippolytus himself, v. 1083, lay a great stress on the word *νόθος*, which signifies one "of spurious birth." I thought this explanation the more requisite, as Carmelli, in his notes, says he does not see why the Poet calls Hippolytus *νόθος*, and supposes him to mean nothing more than that Phædra was his Mother-in-law.

For erst on his arrival from the house  
 Of Pitheus, in Pandion's land, to view  
 The mystic rites, and in those mystic rites  
 To be initiated; his Father's Wife  
 Illustrious Phædra saw the Prince, her heart,  
 At my behest, love's dire contagion seiz'd:  
 And ere she came to this Troezenian coast,  
 She, where Minerva's rock o'erlooks this land,  
 To Venus rear'd a temple, for the youth  
 Who in a foreign region dwelt, engross'd  
 By amorous frenzy, and to future times  
 Resolv'd this lasting monumental pile  
 Of her unhappy passion to bequeath.  
 But from Cecropia's realm since Theseus fled  
 To expiate his pollution, with the blood  
 Of [2] Pallas' Sons distain'd, and with his Queen  
 Sail'd for this coast, to voluntary exile  
 Submitting for one year, the wretched Phædra  
 Groaning and deeply smitten by the stings  
 Of love hath pin'd in silence, nor perceives  
 One of her menial train, whence this disease  
 Invaded her. Yet of its full effect  
 Must not her amorous malady thus fall:  
 For I to Theseus am resolv'd to shew  
 The truth, no longer shall it rest conceal'd:  
 Then will the Father with his curses slay  
 [3] My youthful foe: for the reward on Theseus

[2] "Nisus, Pallas, and Ægeus, were the three Sons of Pandion; Nisus dwelt at Megara; but Ægeus and Pallas ruled over some detached tribes; Attica not being yet collected into one state. It is said that Theseus killed one of his first cousins the Sons of Pallas, who was his competitor for the kingdom." Scholiast.

[3] We find by Dr. Musgrave, Valkenear, and Brunck, that the reading of *κατανα*, which is an evident improvement; is authorised by some of the manuscripts: *κατανα* is that of Barnes and the preceding editors.



Conferr'd by Neptune ruler of the waves  
 Was this; that thrice he to that God might sue  
 For any gift, nor should he sue in vain.  
 Phædra is noble, yet she too shall perish,  
 For I of such importance shall not hold  
 Her ruin, as to spare those foes, on whom  
 I the severest vengeance will inflict,  
 That I may reassert my injur'd fame.  
 But hence must I retreat: for I behold  
 Hippolytus, this Son of Theseus comes,  
 Returning from the labours of the chase:  
 A numerous band of servants, on their Prince  
 Attending, in the clamorous song unite  
 To celebrate Diana: for he knows not  
 That hell hath op'd its gates, and he is doom'd  
 After this day to view the sun no more.

*Exit Venus.*

## HIPPOLYTUS, ATTENDANTS.

### HIPPOLYTUS.

Come on, my Friends, attune your lays  
 To resound Diana's praise,  
 From the radiant fields of air  
 She listens to her votaries prayer.

### ATTENDANTS.

Aweful Queen enthron'd above,  
 Hail, thou progeny of Jove,  
 Virgin Goddess, whom of yore,  
 Latona to the Thunderer bore,  
 Thy matchless beauties far outshine  
 Each of those lovely Maids divine,

Who fill with their harmonious choir  
The domes of Heaven's immortal Sire.  
Hail, O thou whose charms excel  
All Nymphs that on Olympus dwell:

HIPPOLYTUS.

To deck thee, I this wreath, O Goddess, bear,  
Cropt from yon mead, o'er which no swain his flock  
For pasture drives, nor hath the mower's steel  
Despoil'd its virgin herbage, 'midst each flower,  
Which spring profusely scatters, there the bee  
Roams unmolested, and Religious Awe  
Waters the champaign with abundant springs:  
They who owe nought to learning, but have gain'd  
From nature, wisdom such as never fails  
In their whole conduct, are by Heaven allow'd  
To cull these sweets, not so the wretch profane.  
Vouchsafe, O dearest Goddess, to receive  
This braided fillet for thy golden hair  
From me a pious votary, who alone  
Of all mankind am for thy worship meet,  
For I with thee reside, with thee converse,  
Hearing thy voice indeed, tho' I thy face  
Have never seen. My life as it began  
May I with spotless purity conclude!

OFFICER, HIPPOLYTUS.

OFFICER.

My royal Master (for the Gods alone  
Challenge the name of [4] Lord), will you receive  
A servant's good advice?

[4] The authority of Kings in the Grecian states appears to have been limited to such narrow bounds, that they were in

## HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

With joy ; else void  
Of wisdom I to thee might justly seem.

OFFICER.

Know you the law prescrib'd to man ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

The law !  
I cannot guess the purport of thy question.

OFFICER.

To loathe that pride which studies not to please.

fast little more than Generals of the troops; no wonder therefore the people entertained a strong jealousy of their assuming such titles as denoted pretensions to arbitrary power. In Seber's Index to Homer, I do not once meet with the word *δεσποτης*, here rendered " Lord." In the Rhesus of Euripides it twice occurs, and is both times put into the mouths of Barbarians. Henry Stephens, in his Greek Thesaurus, defines it, *proprie servi respectu dictus*. In the earlier times of the Roman Empire, when some appearance of a regard for freedom was still preserved, Suetonius informs us, that not only Augustus, but his successor Tiberius, rejected with great indignation the title of Lord; and we find by the Misopogon of Julian, that he followed their example at Constantinople in much later times, surrounded as he was by Asiatic slaves inured to the yoke, men to whom the sight of a Philosopher on the throne was so strange, that they ridiculed that moderation in the conduct of their sovereign, which they felt themselves incapable of imitating. Much as the use of words fluctuates, Dr. Johnson's interpretation of Despot, the English derivative from *δεσποτης* is, " an absolute Prince, one that governs with unlimited authority."

# HIPPOLYTUS.

9

HIPPOLYTUS.

Right : for what haughty man is not abhorr'd ?

OFFICER.

Doth then an affable demeanor tend  
To make us popular ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

This much avails,  
And teaches us with ease to gain renown.

OFFICER.

But think'st thou that among Celestial Powers  
It bears an equal influence ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Since the laws  
By which we mortals act, from Heaven derive  
Their origin.

OFFICER.

Why then, an awful Goddess,  
Neglect you to invoke ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Whom ? yet beware,  
Lest thy tongue utter some imprudent word.

OFFICER.

This Venus who is station'd o'er your gate.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Still chaste I at a distance her salute.

OFFICER.

By mortals deem'd illustrious she exacts  
Your worship.

HIPPOLYTUS.

We select this God, that friend,  
As suits our various tempers.

OFFICER.

Were you wise,  
Wife as you ought, you might be truly happy

HIPPOLYTUS.

I am not pleas'd with any God whose rites  
Demand nocturnal secrecy.

OFFICER.

My Son,  
We ought to reverence the immortal Powers.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Entering the palace, O my Friends, prepare  
The viands, after a fatiguing chase

## HIPPOLYTUS.

11

Delicious is the banquet : tend my steeds,  
That when I have refresh'd myself with food  
Them I with more convenience to the car  
May yoke, and exercise : but as for this  
Thy Cyprian Queen, to her I bid adieu.

*Exeunt Hippolytus and Attendants.*

### OFFICER.

Meantime (for the example of young men  
Must not be imitated) prompt to think  
And hold such language as a servant ought,  
Before thy image I devoutly bend,  
O sovereign Venus, thee doth it behove  
To pardon the rash boy who flash'd with pride  
Speaks foolishly : seem thou as if his words  
Had never reach'd thine ear : for sure the Gods  
In wisdom should transcend man's groveling race.

*Exit Officer:*

### CHORUS.

#### O D E.

##### I. I.

A rock supplies, as we are told,  
In such abundance the exhaustless rill,  
That oft the virgins 'gainst its basis hold  
Their copious urns to fill.  
One of our associate train  
Thither, in the limpid wave,  
Went, her purple yests to lave,  
Then hung them dripping on a cliff, to drain,  
And imbibe the sunny gale :  
I from her first caught this tale ;

## I. 2.

That with sickness faint, alone  
 In yonder palace on her sleepless bed  
 Our Queen reclines, she a thin veil hath thrown  
 Over her beauteous head :  
 This we hear is the third day  
 Since she those lips no more extends,  
 To take the fruits which Ceres sends,  
 Wasting that lovely frame with slow decay ;  
 She thus her hidden griefs would end,  
 Thus to the silent grave descend.

## II. 1.

Thee some God with madness fir'd ;  
 Art thou by Pan or Hecate possess'd ?  
 Thy soul the Corybantes have inspir'd,  
 Or Cybelè oppress'd.  
 Perhaps exulting in the chase  
 Thee [5] Dictynna doth pursue  
 For neglecting homage due  
 Her altar with the promis'd cakes to grace,  
 She swiftly glides o'er mountain steep,  
 Fords the lake or billowy deep.

## II. 2.

Have another's witching charms  
 Seduc'd the Monarch to a stol'n embrace ;

[5] The history of the Cretan nymph Britomartis, and her receiving the name of Dictynna, from being caught in a fisherman's net, as she threw herself from a rock into the sea to avoid the pursuit of the amorous Minos, father to Phædra, is illustrated by the Scholiast and Barnes from a variety of authors, particularly Callimachus's hymn to Diana : from whence she appears to have been a follower of that Goddess, with whom she has very frequently been confounded, as by Euripides himself in his *Iphigenia in Tauris*, v. 127. edit. Barnes.

Doth then a harlot in thy Theseus' arms  
 The nuptial couch disgrace?  
 Or from Cretan shores I ween  
 Some sailor cross'd the billowy main,  
 Reach'd this hospitable plain,  
 And bore a doleful message to the Queen:  
 Hence with deepest anguish pain'd  
 In her bed she is detain'd.

III.

Some hidden grief with pregnant throes combin'd,  
 Oft dwells upon the female mind,  
 Erst in my entrails rag'd this hidden smart:  
 Diana that celestial maid,  
 Amid the pangs of childbirth wont to aid,  
 I then invok'd, and she whose dart  
 Pierces the hind, with tutelary care  
 Descended at her votary's prayer,  
 And with her brought each friendly Power  
 Who guards our sex in that distressful hour.

But lo, her aged Nurse, before the gates  
 Leads out the Queen, over whose downcast brow  
 Care spreads a deeper cloud: my inmost soul  
 Burns with impatience to explore the grief  
 Which preys in secret on her fading charms.

PHÆDRA, NURSE, CHORUS.

NURSE.

Ye wretched mortals, who by loath'd disease  
 Are visited! what shall I do to aid thee,  
 Or what shall I omit? the solar beams  
 Here may'st thou view, here find a cooling air.

C



For we without the palace doors have borne  
 The couch where sickening thou reclin'’st. Thy talk  
 Was all of coming hither: but in haste  
 Back to thy chamber soon wilt thou return:  
 For thou each moment altering, tak’st delight  
 In nothing long: the present quickly grows  
 Unpleasing, somewhat absent thou esteem’st  
 More grateful. Better were it to be sick  
 Than tend the lingering patient; for the first  
 Is but a simple ill, the last unites  
 The mind’s more pungent griefs and manual toil.  
 But the whole life of man abounds with woe,  
 Our labours never cease: yet sure there is,  
 There is a blest futurity, conceal’d  
 Behind thick night’s impenetrable veil.  
 We therefore seem mistaken, when we doat  
 On yonder sun, that o’er this nether earth  
 Displays its glittering beams, because we know  
 No other life, nor have the realms beneath  
 Been e’er laid open: but by tales, devis’d  
 To cheat, at random are we borne away.

## P H Æ D R A.

Lift up my body, prop my sinking head,  
 Each limb, my friends, has lost its strength; sustain,  
 O ye who on your wretched mistress tend,  
 My hands which hang quite motionless: away  
 With cumbrous ornaments, the cawl remove,  
 And let these tresses o’er my [6] shoulders flow.

[6] Had the reading of *ομων*, “shoulders,” instead of *οι μοι*, “at me,” been any new-fangled device of Valkenaer and Dr. Musgrave, I should not have considered it as sufficiently important to trouble the reader with: but he is here indebted to them for having restored the genuine text as it stood in the edition of Lascaris, which, according to Dr. Musgrave in his note, is authorised by every manuscript.

NURSE.

Daughter, be chearful, and compose to rest  
Thy languid frame: thou'ist with patience arm'd  
And generous fortitude of soul, wilt bear  
Thy sickness better. For mankind are doom'd  
By fate, to struggle with a load of ills.

PHÆDRA.

How shall I drink at yonder limpid fount  
The cooling waters, and 'midst grassy vales  
Recline my wearied limbs beneath the shade  
Of spreading alders?

NURSE.

What confus'd discourse  
Escapes thee? utter not before the crowd  
Such words as closely border on distraction.

PHÆDRA.

Lead to yon mount; I tread the piny grove,  
Where the stanch hounds along the mazy track  
Follow their prey, and lightly bounding seize  
The dappled stag: ye Gods, with my shrill voice  
What joy to rouse them, while my auburn hair  
Floats in the wanton gale, and brandish round  
In my firm hand Thessalia's pointed lance.

NURSE.

Whence, O my Child, proceed these anxious cares?  
What business with the chase hast thou? why thirst  
For the pure fountain, while a constant spring

Whose waters thou may'st drink, flows hard beside  
The citadel?

PHÆDRA.

Dread Artemis, thou Goddess  
Presiding o'er yon sacred-[7] lake, who aid'st  
The fleet-hoof'd racer, bear me o'er thy fields  
To tame Hennesia's coursers.

NURSE.

Why repeat  
These incoherent words? but now to climb  
The mountain's lofty summit was thy wish  
That thou might'st hunt, then on the sandy beach  
To drive thy steeds. O for an able Seer  
Who can expound, what God with iron curb  
Subdues, my Daughter, and perverts thy soul.

PHÆDRA.

Ah, what have I been doing? wretched me!  
From my right senses whither have I wander'd?  
Into this frenzy I, alas! am plung'd

[7] Some commentators think that *Λίμνη* is a proper name, and should be translated Limna, where it seems the gymnasium of Træzene was situated: but Pausanias informs us, that the temple erected to Diana by Saron, an ancient king of that country, from whom the Saronian bay derived its name, stood, *τετραπλάσι loco palustri*. The steeds of Hennesia are again mentioned, v. 1132, of this Tragedy, where they are called, in Rattalzer's version, Paphalagonici; the Hennesians were a colony from that nation who settled on the borders of the Adriatic sea, at the spot where Venice now stands. Homer, in his catalogue of the Trojan allies, mentions Hennesia as celebrated for its breed of mules.

By some malignant Demon. Yet once more  
Cover my head. The words which I have spoken  
Fill me with conscious shame, and many a tear  
Streams down my cheeks ; I feel the rising blush,  
And know not where to turn these eyes. The pang,  
When reason reassumes her throne, is great.  
Tho' madness be an evil : yet 'tis best  
When in that state unconscious we expire.

N U R S E.

Thee thus I cover : but ah, when will death  
Cover my body ? a long life hath taught me  
Full many an useful lesson. Friendships form'd  
With moderation, for the human race  
Are most expedient, and not such as pierce  
The marrow of their souls : with the same ease  
As they the sacred chords entwined, theyought  
To slacken them at will. But for one heart  
To suffer twofold anguish, as I grieve  
For my unhappy Mistress, is a load  
Beyond endurance. 'Tis remark'd, there springs  
From all sensations too intense, more pain  
Than pleasure, and our health they oft impair.  
A foe to all excess, I rather praise  
This sentence ; " not too much of any thing ;"  
And in my judgment will the wise concur.

C H O R U S.

Thou aged Dame, who hast with steadfast zeal  
Attended royal Phædra, we observe  
What agonies she suffers, but discern not  
The nature of her malady ; and wish  
By thee to be instructed whence it springs.

NURSE.

I know not ; for no answer will she give  
To my enquiries.

CHORUS.

Nor the source whence rise  
Her sufferings ?

NURSE.

Your account and mine agree :  
For she on all these points remains still dumb.

CHORUS.

How faint and wasted seems that graceful form !

NURSE.

No wonder : since she tasted any food  
This day's the third.

CHORUS.

By Ate's wrath o'ercome,  
Or does she strive to die ?

NURSE.

To die she strives,  
And by such abstinence her life would end.

CHORUS.

Strange is thy tale : this cannot please her Lord.

NURSE.

From him she hides her sickness, and pretends  
To be in health.

CHORUS.

If in her face he look,  
Can he not read it?

NURSE.

To a foreign land  
From hence, alas, he went, nor yet returns!

CHORUS.

Why art thou not more urgent to explore  
This malady, these wanderings of her soul?

NURSE.

Without effect all methods have I tried :  
Yet with the self-same zeal will I persist,  
That ye may testify the strong attachment  
Which I to my unhappy Queen have borne.  
O my lov'd Daughter, let us both forget  
What we have said : be thou more mild, that gloom  
Which overcasts thy brow, those harsh resolves,  
Lay thou aside, and if to thee erewhile  
I spoke amiss, in milder accents now  
Will I express myself ; if under pains  
Thou labour, such as may not be reveal'd,  
To succour thee thy female friends are here :  
But if the other sex may know thy sufferings,  
Let the Physician try his healing art.  
In either case, why silent ? it behoves thee,

O Daughter, to reply ; and, if I speak.  
 Unwittingly, reprove me, if aright,  
 With wholesome admonition O concur.  
 Say somewhat : cast one look this way. Ah me !  
 But listen to this truth, tho' more perverse  
 Than ocean's waves : thy Children, if thou die,  
 Will be deserted, and can have no share  
 In the paternal house : for his first Queen,  
 That martial Amazonian Dame, hath borne  
 Their Sire's Son to lord it o'er thy race,  
 Tho' illegitimate, with liberal views  
 Train'd up from infancy, him well thou know'st,  
 Hippolytus.

P H A E D R A.

Ah me !

N U R S E.

Doth then that name  
 Affect thee ?

P H A E D R A.

You have ruin'd me ; peace, peace :  
 Be silent, I conjure you by the Gods,  
 Speak of that man no more.

N U R S E.

With open eyes,  
 And senses now restor'd, canst thou neglect  
 Thy Childrens interest, nor preserve thy life

P H A E D R A.

I love my Children : but another storm  
 Assails me.

# HIPPOLYTUS.

27

NURSE.

O my Daughter, sure thy hands  
Are undefil'd with blood?

PHÆDRA.

My hands are pure,  
Yet doth pollution harbour in my soul.

NURSE.

Proceeds this mischief from some foe?

PHÆDRA.

A friend,  
An unconsenting friend, alas, destroys me,  
Nor do I perish thro' my own consent.

NURSE.

Hath Theseus wrong'd thee?

PHÆDRA.

May I ne'er be found  
To have injur'd him!

NURSE.

Then what important cause  
Precipitates thy death?

PHÆDRA.

Indulge my error;  
For I 'gainst you offend not.



## HIPPOLYTUS.

NURSE.

My assent  
To such request would be a breach of duty.

PHÆDRA.

What mean you by this violence? why hang  
Upon my hand?

NURSE.

In suppliant posture thus,  
Thus to thy knees for ever will I cling.

PHÆDRA.

If you, unhappy woman, heard my woes,  
You would partake them.

NURSE.

What fevered woe  
Can possibly befall me than the loss  
Of thee, my honour'd mistress? [8] for I see  
Thou art resolv'd to perish.

PHÆDRA.

This affair  
To me will bring renown.

NURSE.

Why then conceal  
Those merits into which I wish t' enquire?

[8] The word *οὐκ*, with which Phædra's reply usually commences, is here added to the Nurse's speech on the authorities of Valkenaer and Brunck.

PHÆDRA.

Me virtuous motives prompt to deeds of shame.

NURSE.

Reveal those motives, hence shalt thou appear  
More noble.

PHÆDRA.

I conjure you by the Gods,  
Depart, and my right hand release.

NURSE.

Not thus,  
If this request from me thou still withhold.

PHÆDRA.

I will comply ; for you an aged suppliant,  
A due respect I entertain.

NURSE.

In silence  
Will I attend ; now is it time to speak.

PHÆDRA.

My wretched [9] Mother, what a love was thine !

[9] The reader will find the histories of Pasiphaë the Mother, and Ariadne the Sister of Phædra, in most of the mythological writers, particularly Ovid, *Metamorphoses* L. 8. v. 131—182.

NURSE.

Why should'st thou name her passion for that Bull?

PHEDRA.

And you my hapless Sister, Bacchus' Wife—

NURSE.

What ails thee? why dost thou recount the shame  
Of these thy kindred?

PHEDRA.

But of me the third,  
How wretched is the fate!

NURSE.

Thou strik'st me dumb.  
Where will this history end?

PHEDRA.

Thence spring my woes,  
Woes of no recent date.

NURSE.

I understand  
As little of the secret I would learn,  
As if thou still wert silent.

PHEDRA.

How should you  
Divine my thoughts so as t' anticipate  
What I would speak?

# HIPPOLYTUS.

25

NURSE.

No prophets am I,  
These mysteries with precision to unfold.

PHEDRA.

Say, what is that which men entitle Love?

NURSE.

Love is a mixture form'd of sweetest joys,  
And torments most severe.

PHEDRA.

The last of these  
Have I experienc'd.

NURSE.

Daughter, ha, what said'st thou?  
For whom thus burn'st thou with forbidden fires?

PHEDRA.

Who is that Son of th' Amazonian Dame?

NURSE.

Mean'st thou Hippolytus?

PHEDRA.

By you, not me,  
That name was utter'd.

NURSE.

Ah, what words are these?  
How hast thou ruin'd me! This, O my friends,

D

Is not to be endur'd ; I cannot live  
 To bear it : to these eyes the lamp of day  
 Grows odious ; the encumbrance of this body,  
 Will I cast off, nor on such tenure hold  
 A being I abhor ; and now farewell  
 For ever ; count me dead. Chaste matrons yield  
 With some reluctance, yet to lawless love  
 At length they yield. Venus is then no Goddess,  
 But somewhat more than Goddess : for my Queen  
 And me, and this whole house, hath she destroy'd.

## C H O R U S.

## S T R O P H E :

Too clear thou heard'st the royal Dame confess  
 The horrors which her bosom stain :  
 O had I died ere this severe distress  
 Shook reason's seat, and fir'd her frantic brain !  
 Thy sorrows are by Heaven decreed.  
 [10] Ye miseries on which mortals feed !  
 Thy shame lies open to the sun,  
 And thou, my royal Mistress, art undone.  
 Short is thy date :  
 What cruel fate,  
 Such as with life alone can end,  
 Shall to the grave thy steps attend !  
 I see, I see thro' time's deep gloom,  
 These mansions fall by Venus' doom :  
 Such revolution is at hand,  
 Thee, hapless Cretan nymph, the Fates demand.

[10] The thought of *Ποροι τρεπομένης βροχῆς* strikingly resembles that of *εἰς ἐν ἡμέρᾳ καὶ νύκτι* as it stands in the Septuagint version of the Psalms ; and in the English, " my tears have been my meat day and night."

## P H Æ D R A.

O ye Troezenian matrons, who reside  
 On this extremity of the domains  
 Where Pelops rul'd ; thro' many a wakeful night  
 Have I consider'd whence mankind became  
 Thus universally corrupt, and deem  
 That to the nature of the human soul,  
 Our frailties are not owing : for to form  
 Sound judgments, is a privilege enjoy'd  
 By many. But the matter in this light  
 Ought to be view'd ; well knowing what is good,  
 We practise not. Some do amiss thro' sloth,  
 Others to virtue's rigid laws prefer  
 Their pleasures ; for with various pleasures, life  
 Is furnish'd ; conversation lengthen'd out  
 Beyond due bounds, ease that bewitching pest,  
 And shame, of which there are two kinds, one leads  
 To virtue, by the other is a [11] house  
 Involv'd in woe ; but if the proper season  
 For our expressing shame were ascertain'd  
 With due precision, things which bear one name  
 Could not have differ'd thus. When in my mind  
 I had revolv'd these thoughts, to me it seem'd  
 As if no magic had sufficient power  
 To warp the stedfast purpose of my soul.  
 Here I to you the progress of my heart  
 Will next unfold, since Love with his keen shafts  
 These wounds inflicted ; studious how to bear,  
 As it became me, this abhorr'd disease,  
 I from that time have by a wary silence  
 Conceal'd the pangs I suffer. For the tongue

[11] Dr. Musgrave in his note interprets ἀχθος οἰκῶν to mean, that a false shame induces many to live in a style too elegant, and beyond their income.

Must not be trusted, well can it suggest  
 To others wholesome counsels when they err,  
 Tho' to its owner oft it proves the source  
 Of grievous ills. I next, this amorous rage  
 With firmness was determin'd to endure,  
 And conquer it by chastity. At length,  
 When all these sage expedients prov'd too weak  
 O'er Venus to prevail, my best resource  
 I thought was death: none hath a right to blame  
 These counsels. May my virtues be conspicuous;  
 But when I act amiss, I would avoid  
 Too many witnesses. That on such deed,  
 And e'en the inclination to transgress,  
 Disgrace attends, I knew, and was aware  
 That if from honor's paths a woman swerve,  
 She to the world is odious. On her head  
 Be tenfold ruin heap'd who first presum'd  
 To introduce adulterers, and defile  
 The nuptial couch; from those of nobler birth  
 Began this evil thro' our sex to spread.  
 For when foul deeds please those who erst have borne  
 A virtuous character, to souls deprav'd  
 They recommend themselves beneath a form  
 Of seeming excellence. Those too I hate  
 Whose words are modest, but their lives impure  
 In private. O thou Goddess, who didst rise  
 From ocean, lovely Venus, how can these,  
 Without a blush, their injur'd Lords behold?  
 Tremble they not, lest their accomplice darkness,  
 Or lest the vaulted roofs of their abode,  
 Should send forth an indignant voice? this robs  
 Your Queen of life, my friends: so shall the charge  
 Of having sham'd my lord, my children sham'd,  
 Be never urg'd against me: free and blest  
 With liberty of speech, in the fam'd city  
 Of Athens, they shall dwell, maternal fame

Transmitted for their portion. E'en the man  
Of dauntless courage, dwindles to a slave,  
If conscious that his mother or his Sire  
Have acted wickedly. One only good,  
A just and virtuous soul, the wise affirm,  
Strives for pre-eminence with life: for Time,  
At length, when like some blooming nymph her  
Contemplating, he to our eyes holds up [charms  
His mirror, every guilty wretch displays.  
Among that number may I ne'er be found!

CHORUS.

Where-ever we discern it, O how fair  
Is modesty, that source of bright renown!

NURSE.

O Queen, at first, an instantaneous shock,  
I from the history of thy woes, receiv'd:  
Now am I sensible my fears were groundless.  
But frequently the second thoughts of man [12]  
Are more discreet; for there is nothing strange,

[12] "Not with respect to us only, who are born to consume  
the fruits of the earth: but Homer's immortal Gods frequent-  
ly hold the same language, that their second thoughts ought  
to improve in wisdom on their first. Eustathius quotes this  
proverb of Euripides, which, it appears from Athenæus, the  
Tragic Bard has inserted, not only in his Hippolytus, but also  
in his Cretan Virgins.—Zenobius and Diogenianus treating  
of a proverb, the words of which are different from this verse  
of Euripides, though the thought is the same, represent it as  
deriving its origin from the sacred rites; in which if the vo-  
taries were unable to appease the Gods by the victims first  
slain, others called by the Romans Succedaneæ were added  
to them, 'till by these means the Gods, or at least the Priest,  
became propitious to them. See Aulus Gellius, and Erasmus  
on the Adage Posterioribus melioribus." VALKENAER,



Nought, in thy sufferings, foreign to the course  
 Of nature : thee the Goddess in her rage  
 Invades. Thou lov'st. And why should this surprize ?  
 Many as well as thee have done the same.  
 Art thou resolv'd to cast thy life away,  
 Because thou lov'st ? how wretched were the state  
 Of those who love, and shall hereafter love,  
 If death must thence ensue ! for tho' too strong  
 To be withstood, when she with all her might  
 Assails us, Venus gently visits those  
 Who yield ; but if she light on one who soars  
 With proud and overweening views too high,  
 As thou may'st well conceive, to utter scorn,  
 Such she exposes ; thro' the boundless tracts  
 Of air she glides, and reigns 'midst ocean's waves :  
 All things from her their origin derive,  
 'Tis she that in each breast the genial seeds  
 Of potent Love infuses, and from Love  
 Descends each tribe that fills the peopled earth.  
 They who with ancient writings have convers'd,  
 And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine [13],

[13] " These verses of Euripides on the Loves of the Gods,  
 " are quoted by Scaliger in his notes on Propertius, and Bergler  
 " on the Clouds of Aristophanes, v. 1076. The following sen-  
 " timents exactly tally with them :

" *Ipse Venus quamvis corrupta libidine Martis,*

" *Num minus in cœlo semper honesta fuit ?*"

What tho' by Mars that amorous God carest,

Was Venus less rever'd among the blest ?

PROPERTIUS, L. 2. El. 23. v. 90.

" The Poet proceeds, v. 111, 112. to explain the ideas of the  
 " Nurse in Euripides.

" *Dic mihi quis potuit lectum servare pudicum ?*

" *Quæ Dea cum solo vivere sola Deo ?*"

Produce one instance of a nuptial bed,

By no successful paramour defin'd :

Of what young Goddess was it ever said,

That on her Lord, and him alone, she smil'd ?

Know how to Theban Semele's embrace  
 Flew amorous Jove, how bright Aurora stole  
 Young Cephalus, and plac'd among the Gods  
 The object of her passion : yet in Heaven  
 They still reside, where unabash'd they meet  
 Their kindred Gods ; those Gods, because they feel  
 A sympathetic wound, I deem, indulge  
 Their weakness : and wilt thou refuse to bear  
 Like imperfections ? Nature on these terms  
 Decreed, thou from thy Father should'st receive  
 Thy being : look for other Gods, or yield  
 Submission to these laws. Hast thou observ'd,  
 How many Husbands, men who are endu'd  
 With a superior wisdom, when they see  
 The nuptial bed by secret lust defil'd,  
 Appear as tho' they saw not ; and how oft  
 The Fathers, if their Sons transgress, connive  
 At their unhappy passion ? To conceal  
 Unseemly actions, is no trifling part  
 Of human wisdom ; nor should man, his life  
 Form with too great precision ; for the roof,  
 The covering from the storm, the builder leaves  
 Less fair, less highly finish'd. If immers'd  
 In evils great as those thou hast describ'd,  
 How can'st thou hope to 'scape ? but if thy virtues,

“ Theseus, in the Hercules Distracted of our author, speaks  
 “ in the same strain of the Gods recorded by the Poets : and  
 “ Racine puts much of the language of Euripides' Nurse into  
 “ the mouth of his Oenone, who expresses herself in these cha-  
 “ racteristic terms.

“ Les Dieux meme, les Dieux de l'Olympe habitans,

“ Qui d'un bruit si terrible epouvantent les crimes,

“ Ont brule quelquefois des feux illegitimes.”

The very Gods who on Olympus' height

Their station hold, and loudly thunder forth

Such dreadful threats 'gainst human sin, have felt

In their own bosoms some unlawful fires. VALKENAAR.

Since thou art only human, far exceed  
 Thy failings, it is well with thee : desist,  
 O my lov'd daughter, from thy evil purpose,  
 And cease to utter those reproachful words :  
 For there is nought but contumelious pride  
 In thy endeavour to be yet more perfect  
 Than the immortal Gods : enure thy passion  
 With fortitude, since 'twas the will divine  
 That thou should'st love : but give a prosperous turn,  
 If possible, to thy disease. For songs  
 There are with magic virtue fraught, and words  
 Which sooth the soul : hence an effectual cure  
 May be obtain'd : in such discovery man  
 Would long in vain be busied, to our sex  
 If no spontaneous stratagem occur.

## C H O R U S.

Tho' her advice, amid thy present woes,  
 O Phædra, be more useful, I applaud  
 Thy better purpose ; yet applause unsought  
 May haply give offence, and to thine ear  
 Convey sounds harsher than her specious words.

## P H æ D R A.

'Tis this, e'en this, too plausible a tongue,  
 Which, states administer'd by wholesome laws,  
 And houses of the mighty, hath o'erthrown ;  
 Nor should we utter what delights the ear,  
 But for renown a generous thirst instil.

## N U R S E.

What means this grave harangue ? noneed hast thou  
 Of well-turned phrases, but the man thou lov'st  
 Look out with speed for those who, in clear terms,

Will to the Prince thy real state unfold.  
But had not such calamities assail'd  
Thy life, and thou remain'd a virtuous Dame,  
I ne'er to gratify thy wild desires,  
Would have entic'd thee to a lawless bed :  
But now this great exertion, to preserve  
Thy life, is such as envy could not blame.

PHÆDRA.

Detested speech ! will you ne'er close that mouth,  
And the ungrateful repetition cease  
Of words so infamous ?

NURSE.

What I propos'd,  
Tho' culpable it be, far better suits  
Thy interests than severer virtue's rules ;  
For indiscretion, if it save thy life,  
Hath far more merit, than that empty name  
Thy pride would make thee perish to retain.

PHÆDRA.

I by the Gods conjure you to desist,  
(For you, in terms too plausible, express  
Things that are infamous) nor in this strain  
Attempt to prove that yielding up my soul  
To love, I shall act right : for if you paint  
Foul deeds with specious colours, in the snares  
From which I now am 'scaping, I afresh  
Shall be entangled.

NURSE.

Hadst thou earlier form'd  
These rigid notions, thou should'st ne'er have err'd.

But since this cannot be, my counsel hear :  
 From thee this second favour I request ;  
 I in my house have philtres to assuage  
 The pangs of love (which but just now occur'd  
 To my remembrance); these, nor to disgrace  
 Exposing thee, nor of such strong effect  
 As to impair thy reason, yet will work  
 On this thy malady a perfect cure,  
 Unless thro' mere perverseness thou refuse  
 To make th' experiment : for we from him  
 Thou lov'st, must either take a sign, a word,  
 Or fragment of his robe, to join two hearts  
 In mutual [14] love.

## PHÆDRA.

But is this wondrous medicine,  
 You recommend, an ointment or a potion ?

## NURSE.

I cannot tell. Search for a cure, my child,  
 And not instruction.

[14] Different constructions are given to this passage by Bru-  
 moy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and Mons. Dupuy Acad. Inscryp-  
 tions, T. 41, p. 446—450: but the word *Σελήνη* "sooth-  
 ing" occurs both here and in the Nurse's first speech to Phædra,  
 after she had declared her resolution to die; nor does it appear  
 by the whole tenor of the dialogue, that the method by which  
 she proposes to *heal the torment or disease arising from Phædra's*  
*unhappy passion* is by making use of such a philtre as counteracts  
 Love, and inspires an utter aversion, but that she is all the while  
 giving her hopes of conciliating the affections of Hippolytus,  
 though she now expresses herself in more obscure and disguised  
 terms, to avoid shocking her Queen, already alarmed by her  
 preceding speeches. Instead of *λογον* "a word," Reiskius, Val-  
 kensær and Brunck, think we ought to read *ῥαλογον* "a lock  
 of hair."

P H Æ D R A.

Greatly do I fear  
Your wisdom will be carried to excess.

N U R S E.

Know then thou art dispos'd to be alarmed  
At every thing. But whence arise these terrors?

P H Æ D R A.

Aught that hath pass'd, left you to Theseus' Son  
Should mention.

N U R S E.

Peace, O Daughter, be it mine  
To manage this aright: I only sue,  
Benignant Goddess, sprung from ocean's waves,  
That thou, O Venus, would'st my projects aid.  
But to our friends within, will it suffice  
The rest of my intentions to unfold.

[Exit Nurse.]

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. I.

O Love, whose sweet delusions fly,  
Instilling passion thro' the eye,  
And steal upon the heart;  
Never thus my soul engage,  
Come not with immoderate rage,  
Nor choose thy keenest dart:

Not the lightning's awful glare,  
 Not the thunderbolts of Jove,  
 Such destructive terrors bear,  
 As strongly vibrate in the shafts of Love.

## I. 2.

On Alpheus' banks in vain, in vain,  
 Or at Apollo's Delphic fane,  
 Whole herds of slaughter'd kine  
 Doth Greece present, if we neglect  
 Venus' Son, who claims respect,  
 The genial couch his shrine :  
 With the vengeance of a foe,  
 If the Deity invades,  
 On man, he pours forth every woe,  
 And crowds with victims all the Stygian shades.

## II. 1.

By Venus, was [15] Oechalia's maid,  
 Of Hymeneal bonds afraid,  
 Consigned in days of yore,

[15] Iole Daughter of Eurytus king of Oechalia, after having been promised by her Father, as Apollodorus informs us, to be given in marriage to the man who should excel him and his Sons in archery, was by them unjustly withheld from Hercules, who had given sufficient proofs of his superiority in the use of the bow, a weapon for which he was particularly renowned: upon which the enraged Hero took the city by assault, and, having slain her Father and Brothers, bore off the Princess in triumph. The ancient Geographers say, there were several towns of the name of Oechalia; but although this city of Eurytus has had the honor of being twice mentioned, and expressly marked out as such by Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian forces, and receives from Virgil the epithet of egregia; Strabo, and all subsequent writers, seem totally unable to ascertain its situation with any degree of precision.

# HIPPOLYTUS.

37

Like a wild filly to the yoke,  
Espons'd 'midst horrid slaughter, smoke,  
And rites profan'd with gore;  
Indignant was the virgin led,  
Streaming with dishevel'd hair,  
To the stern Alcides' bed,  
While bridal shouts were mingled with despair.

## II. 2.

Unite, thou sacred Theban wall,  
And fountain fam'd from Dirce's fall,  
To witness with what might  
Resistless Cytherea came,  
Brandishing ethereal flame,  
To everlasting night,  
She, beauteous Semele consign'd,  
Who to Jove Lyæus bore,  
Her breath's a pestilential wind,  
Our heads she like the bee still hovers o'er.

## PHÆDRA.

Restrain your tongues: we, O my friends, are ruin'd.

## CHORUS.

O Phædra, say what terrible event  
In thy abode hath happen'd?

## PHÆDRA.

Not a word  
Must now be utter'd: I would hear these sounds  
Which issue from the palace.

## E



## HIPPOLYTUS.

C H O R U S.

We are silent :  
Yet must this prelude sure denote some ill.

P H Æ D R A.

Wretch that I am ! how dreadful are my woes !

C H O R U S.

What shrieks, alas, are these, what clamorous sounds  
By thee now utter'd ? speak, my hapless Queen,  
What sudden rumor terrifies thy soul ?

P H Æ D R A.

We are undone, but stand ye at these doors  
And listen to the uproar rais'd within.

C H O R U S.

Thou to those portals art already close,  
And in the voice which issues from the palace  
Hast a great interest, therefore say what ill  
Hath happen'd.

P H Æ D R A.

Stern Hippolytus, the Son  
Of that intrepid Amazonian Dame,  
In loudest tone full many a horrid curse  
Is uttering 'gainst my servant.

C H O R U S.

A mere noise  
Is all I hear, yet cannot I collect

A single word distinctly : passing thro'

These doors, their sound hath surely reach'd thine ear.

PHÆDRA.

He plainly calls her, harbinger of woe,  
And the betrayer of her Sovereign's bed.

CHORUS.

Wretch that I am! thou, O my dearest Queen,  
Hast been betray'd. What counsel can I give?  
The mystery is laid open, thou art ruin'd,  
Utterly ruin'd.

PHÆDRA.

Ah!

CHORUS.

Thy friends have prov'd  
Unfaithful to their trust.

PHÆDRA.

To her I owe  
My ruin, who, tho' prompted by her love,  
Unwisely, my calamity disclos'd,  
Hoping the desperate malady to heal.

CHORUS.

What part, alas! remains for thee to act,  
Surrounded by inevitable mischiefs?

PHÆDRA.

But one expedient for my present ill  
I know; their only cure is instant death.

E. 2

· HIPPOLYTUS, NURSE, PHÆDRA, CHORUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Earth, Mother of us all, and Sun, whose beams  
Diffuse their splendor wide; what words unfit  
For any tongue to utter, reach'd these ears!

NURSE.

Peace, O my Son, lest some one hear thy voice.

HIPPOLYTUS.

I cannot bury such atrocious crimes  
As these in silence.

NURSE.

By that fair right hand,  
Thee I implore.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Profane not by your touch,  
My garment.

NURSE.

Groveling at thy knees, I crave  
Thou would'st not ruin me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Why wish to check  
My tongue, if you, as you pretend, have said  
Nought that is blameable?

# HIPPOLYTUS.

41

NURSE.

Yet must my words  
On no account be publish'd.

HIPPOLYTUS.

To the world  
What's virtuous may with honor be reveal'd.

NURSE.

Forget not, thus the reverence, O my Son,  
Due to a solemn oath.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Altho' my tongue [16]  
Hath sworn, my soul is from the compact free.

[16] This sentence of Euripides hath had various judgments  
“ passed on it; being attacked, by his fellow citizens, and held  
“ in contempt by posterity: yet Cicero, whose single authority  
“ is equal to all the rest, bestows some degree of praise on it,  
“ and writes, “ quod ita juratum est, ut mens contiperet fieri  
“ oportere id servandum est: quod aliter, si non feceris, nul-  
“ lum est perjurium.” By “ quod aliter,” he evidently means  
“ oaths extorted by violence. and the words of Euripides may  
“ be commended if made use of by a man who refuses to fulfil  
“ what robbers had forced him to swear: but should any one  
“ ask whether this sentiment becomes his Hippolytus, I consi-  
“ der it as extremely unworthy of him, nor does Cicero seem  
“ capable of having denied this. Hippolytus had engaged him-  
“ self by an oath to the Nurse, that he would keep secret what-  
“ ever she confided to him: on hearing the wickedness of his  
“ Mother in Law, which he detested, he might blame his rash-  
“ ness: but his soul, which comprehended the nature of the  
“ obligation under which he had voluntarily laid himself, could  
“ by no means be at liberty to break it: but, after advancing  
“ ing this sentiment on the stage, he acts so inconsistently with

O thou rash youth, what mean'st thou? art thou  
On the destruction of thy friends? {bea

HIPPOLYTUS.

I hold  
The friendships of the wicked in abhorrence.

NURSE.

Forgive me: error is the lot of man.

HIPPOLYTUS.

By a fair semblance to deceive the world,  
Wherefore, O Jove, beneath the solar beams  
That evil, Woman, didst thou cause to dwell?  
For if it was thy will the human race  
Should multiply, this ought not by such means  
To be effected: better in thy fane  
Each votary, on presenting brags or steel,  
Or massive ingots of resplendent gold;  
Proportion'd to his offering, might from thee  
Obtain a race of Sons, and under roofs,  
Which genuine freedom visits, unannoy'd  
By women live. But to receive this worst  
Of evils, now no sooner are our doors  
Thrown open, than the riches of our house  
We utterly exhaust. How great a pest

"his own words, that he rather submits to be assaulted with the  
"most atrocious calumnies, than in any respect to violate the  
"faith his tongue had sworn to observe: moreover on this tie  
"of religion, by which the pious youth held himself bound,  
"depends the whole drama." VALKENBER.

'Tis woman, this one circumstance displays ;  
The very Father who beget and nurtur'd,  
A plenteous dower advancing, sends her forth,  
That of such loath'd incumbrance he may rid  
His mansions : but the hapless youth who takes  
This noxious inmate to his bed, exults  
While he caparisons a worthless image,  
In gorgeous ornaments and tissued vests  
Squandering his substance. With some noble race  
He who by wedlock a connection forms,  
Is bound by harsh necessity to keep  
The loathsome Consort ; if perchance he gain  
One who is virtuous sprung from worthless Sires,  
He by the good compensates for the ill  
Attending such an union. Happier he  
Unvex'd by these embarrassments, whose Bride  
Inactive thro' simplicity, and mild,  
To his abode is like a statue fix'd.  
All female wisdom doth my soul abhor.  
Never may the aspiring Dame, who grasps  
At knowing more than to her sex belongs,  
Enter my house : for in the subtle breast  
Are deeper stratagems by Venus sown :  
But she whose reason is too weak to frame  
A plot, from amorous frailties lives secure.  
No female servant ever should attend  
The married Dame, she rather ought to dwell  
Among wild beasts, who are by nature mute,  
Lest she should speak to any, or receive  
Their answers. But the wicked now devise  
Mischief in secret chambers, while abroad  
Their confidants promote it : thus, vile wretch,  
In privacy you came, with me to form  
An impious treaty for surrendering up  
My royal Father's unpolluted bed.  
Soon from such horrors in the limpid spring

My ears will I make pure: how could I rush  
 Into the crime itself, when having heard  
 Only the name made mention of, I feel  
 As tho' I some defilement thence had caught?  
 Base Woman, know 'tis my religion saves  
 Your forfeit life, for by a solemn oath,  
 If to the Gods I had not unawares  
 Engag'd myself, I ne'er would have refrain'd  
 From stating these transactions to my Sire;  
 But now, while Theseus in a foreign land  
 Continues, hence will I depart, and keep  
 The strictest silence. But I soon shall see,  
 When with my injur'd Father I return,  
 How you and your perfidious Queen will dare  
 To meet his eyes, then fully shall I know  
 Your impudence, of which I now have made  
 This first essay. Perdition seize you both:  
 For with unsatiated abhorrence, still  
 'Gainst woman will I speak, tho' some object  
 To my repeating always the same charge:  
 For they are ever uniformly wicked:  
 Let any one then prove the female sex  
 Possess of chastity, or suffer me,  
 As heretofore, against them to inveigh.

*Exit Hippolytus.*

## C H O R U S.

### A N T I S T R O P H E.

O wretched woman's inauspicious fate!

What arts, what projects can we find,  
 To extricate ourselves, ere yet too late,  
 From our distress, or how the snare unbind?

P H Æ D R A.

Just are the sufferings I endure :  
 Thou earth and Sun, my anguish cure.  
 How, O my friends, shall I avoid  
 The stroke of fate before I am destroy'd ?  
 Or how conceal  
 The pangs I feel ?  
 What tutelary God is near,  
 What friendly mortal will appear  
 To aid me in this hour of shame ?  
 Afflictions and an evil name  
 The remnant of my life must vex :  
 Now am the most wretched of my sex.

C H O R U S.

Alas ! all now is over ; O my Queen,  
 The stratagems thy hapless servant fram'd  
 Fail of success, and desperate are thy fortunes.

P H Æ D R A.

O villainous destroyer of your friends,  
 How have you ruin'd me ! may Jove my Grandfire  
 Uproot you in his vengeance from the earth,  
 And smite with thunderbolts that perjurd head.  
 When I your baleful stratagems foresaw,  
 How oft did I enjoin you to conceal  
 That fatal truth, from whose discovery spring  
 The torments I endure : but you the secret  
 Contain'd not, hence with an unspotted fame  
 I cannot die, but some fresh scheme must forge.  
 For this rash Youth, his soul with anger fir'd,  
 Will to his Father my offence relate,



[17] Inform the aged Pittheus of my woes,  
And with this history, to my soul reproach,  
Fill the whole world. May just perdition seize  
Both you and all who by dishonest means  
Their unconsenting friends are prompt to aid.

## NURSE.

Thou, O my royal mistress, may'st condemn  
The fault I have committed: for thy griefs  
Are so severe, that they awhile overcome  
Thy better judgment. But would'st thou admit  
My answer, I could make one; thee I nurtur'd,  
And in thy happiness an interest feel.  
But searching for a medicine to remove  
Thy sickness, what I least could wish, I found.  
Success had stamp'd me wise; for by events  
Are our opinions influenc'd.

## PHEDRA.

Is it just,  
And satisfactory, thus first to wound,  
And then dispute with me?

## NURSE.

We dwell too long.  
On this unhappy subject: I confess  
My folly; but, O Daughter, there are means  
To extricate thee still from all thy woes.

[17] Bruck considers this line as an interpolation, and has thrown it out of his edition, on account of the manuscript he consulted in the royal library at Paris not containing it. Valkenauer also marks it out as deficient in two manuscripts.

## P H Æ D R A.

End this harangue ; you counsel'd me amiss.  
At first, and undertook a vile design.

Go mind your own affairs : be mine the task,  
What interests me, to settle as I ought. [*Exit Nurse.*  
But, O my noble friends, Træzeman dames,  
Thus far indulgent to my earnest prayer,  
In silence bury what you here have heard.

## C H O R U S.

I call Diana, venerable Daughter  
Of Jove, to witness, I will ne'er reveal  
Aught of thy sorrows.

## P H Æ D R A.

Ye have spoken well:  
But after weighing all things in my mind,  
I one expedient have at length devis'd.  
In this calamity, which may secure  
To my lov'd Sons an honourable life;  
And to myself, encompass'd by such woes  
As now befall me, some relief afford.  
For I will never scandalize the house  
Of Crete, nor come, after so base a deed,  
Into the presence of offended Theseus,  
To save one single life.

## C H O R U S.

Art thou then bent  
On mischief such as cannot be recall'd?

## P H Æ D R A.

To die is my resolve : but by what means  
I must deliberate.

## C H O R U S.

More auspicious words  
Than these I crave.

## P H Œ D R A.

All I from you expect  
Is wholesome counsel. For the Cyprian Queen  
To whom I owe my ruin, I this day  
Shall gratify, thus yielding up my life  
Vanquish'd by ruthless Love. But after death  
I to another shall become a curse ;  
Hence shall he learn no longer to exult  
In my disastrous fortunes, but acquire  
Discretion, while my anguish he partakes.

*Exit Phædra.*

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

To where yon rock o'erhangs the main,  
Waft me, ye Gods, thence bid me spring,  
Transform'd into a bird, on vigorous wing  
Thro' trackless ether mid the feather'd train :  
With rapid pinions would I soar  
On high above the Adriatic shore,  
And Po's impetuous stream,  
[18] Fix'd on whose banks that virgin choir,

[18] Ovid, in the second Book of his *Metamorphoses*, v. 340. —356, has given an account of the Daughters of Apollo and

Who spring from an immortal Sire,  
Intent on the same dolorous theme  
Still weep for Phæton's untimely end,  
While 'midst the purple tide their amber tears descend.

II. 2.

Thence to those coasts would I proceed  
Where the Hesperides their song  
Attune ; no mariner can thence prolong  
The voyage, for, his daring bark t' impede,  
Neptune those hallow'd bounds maintains,  
Where Atlas with unwearied toil sustains  
The Heavens' incumbent load ;  
And from a never-failing spring  
Ambrosia's streams their tribute bring,  
Watering those chambers, Jove's abode :  
There the glad soil its choicest gifts supplies  
Obedient to the reign of happy Deities.

II. 1.

Across yon hoarse resounding main,  
O bark of Ciete, those hastier gales  
Which caught the snowy canvas of thy sails,  
Convey'd my Mistress, but convey'd in vain ;  
By fate from prosperous mansions torn,  
To nuptial rites unhallow'd was she borne,  
And scenes of future shame :  
For surely from her native land,  
To the renown'd Athenian strand,

Clymene, and Sisters of Phæton, (Phæthusa, Lampetia; and a third, whose name he has not transmitted to us) being transformed into Poplars, on the banks of the river Eridanus, or Po, in Italy, where their Brother perished ; and of their tears being hardened by the Sun into amber.

F

She with a luckless omen came ;  
 Tho', to the shore their twisted cables bound ;  
 With joy the sailors leap'd on fair Munychia's ground.

## II. 2.

Her strength in lingering sickness spent,  
 Hence is she ordain'd to prove  
 How great the tortures of unlawful love,  
 By the command of angry Venus sent,  
 And after struggling long in vain,  
 Defeated by intolerable pain,  
 Her snowy neck around,  
 To bind that galling noose, resolves,  
 Which from her bridal roof devolves,  
 Aw'd by the heaven-inflicted wound :  
 Choosing to perish [19] thus with glory blest,  
 She, cruel love, expels, the soul's tyrannic pest.

[19] The manner in which the Poet here represents his Heroine as dying to preserve her fame, is, it must be confessed, peculiarly unfortunate. He himself might have been aware of its impropriety, since in his *Helen*, v. 306. that Princess, deliberating on some mode to put an end to her own life, observes, that "hanging is ignoble even in slaves:" The Rev. Dr. Francklin, indeed, in a note on the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, jocularly speaks of it as a death much in fashion among the Ancients; but that their ideas were at least equally chaste with those of the moderns in regard to any *unbecoming* method of suicide or of executing criminals, appears from that passage in Homer's *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, having determined to punish the debauched females of Penelope's court, "by an impure death," immediately causes them to be hanged. The catastrophe of Amata in Virgil is indeed the same with that of our Author's Phædra, but with more propriety expressed by

*Nodum informis lethi trabe nectit ab altâ.*

Then round a beam a running noose she tied,  
 And fasten'd by the neck obscenely died.

DRYDEN.

Seneca, though frequently unhappy in the execution of his *Hippolytus*, has made a very great improvement on the plan of

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ho! ho! all ye who near the palace stand,  
With speed come hither; by the fatal cord,  
Our Queen, the wife of Theseus, is destroy'd.

CHORUS.

The deed, alas! is done. My royal Mistress  
Suspended in the noose is now no more.

MESSENGER.

Why are ye not more swift? will no one bring  
The sharpen'd steel, that, with its aid, this instant  
The bandage we may sever from her neck?

SEMICHORUS I.

What shall we do? were it not best, my friends,  
To rush into the palace, and our Queen  
Loose from the knot which her own hands have tied?

SEMICHORUS II.

But why do the young servants, in this hour  
Of woe, absent themselves? to be too busy  
Is never safe.

Euripides, by presenting her as living to see the success of her machinations in the death of Hippolytus, and then stabbing herself through remorse. Racine too has undoubtedly altered Phædra's death somewhat for the better, by making her poison herself; but let it be remembered at the same time, that Euripides, instead of following Homer, as Sophocles hath done, in the mode of Jocasta's death, represents her as falling on the word of one of her Sons.

## MESSENGER.

Extend the hapless body ;  
Unwelcome office to the lords I serve.

[Exit Messenger.]

## CHORUS.

From what I hear, this miserable Dame  
Hath left the world : for they are stretching forth  
Her corse as one who is already dead.

## THESEUS, CHORUS.

## THESEUS.

O women, know ye what loud voice is that  
Within the palace ? from the menial train  
Of damsels, shrieks, most grievous reach'd my ear.  
None of my household opening wide the gates,  
Deign to receive me with auspicious words  
On my return from the [20] prophetic shrine.  
Hath aught befall'n the venerable Pittheus ?  
What tho' he be already far advanc'd  
Into the vale of years, yet would his death  
These mansions with a general sorrow fill.

[20] " Theseus is represented by Euripides as returning at  
" this very moment of time to Troezen from Delphi, whither  
" he had gone as a votary of Apollo: for they who either went  
" thither in a public character as ambassadors from their city  
" or to consult the God on their own private affairs, were called  
" *Scopoi* ; and Theseus, on his returning in that character,  
" crowned according to antient usage with the sacred laurel,  
" complains that none of his domestics come forth to meet and  
" congratulate him on his auspicious return." VALKENAER.

CHORUS.

Fate in its march, O Theseus, hath not pierc'd  
The aged: they who in the bloom of youth  
Are now cut off, your sorrows will demand.

THESEUS.

Ah me! hath cruel death then, torn away  
One of my Sons?

CHORUS.

They live, while breathless lies  
Their Mother: and most piteous was her end.

THESEUS.

What said'st thou? is my dearest Phædra dead?  
Thro' what mischance?

CHORUS.

She tied the fatal noose.

THESEUS.

Had grief congeal'd her blood? or was she urg'd  
To this by some calamitous event?

CHORUS.

We only know the fact: for to the palace  
Am I just come, O Theseus, that with yours  
My sorrows I may mingle.

THESEUS.

Round these brows  
Why do I wear a garland, but to shew  
That I the oracle in luckless hour



Have visited? Unbar those doors, my servants,  
Open them wide, that I the wretched corse  
Of my dear Wife may view, who by her death  
Hath ruin'd me.

*(The Palace doors are opened, and the body of Phædra is  
discovered with a veil thrown over it.)*

CHORUS.

Thy woes, unhappy Queen;  
Were dreadful; yet thou such a deed hast wrought  
As in confusion this whole house will plunge:  
Presumptuous, violent, unnatural death  
By thine own hand inflicted; for, ah! who,  
Who but thyself, was author of thy fall?

THESEUS.

Wretch that I am! how many and how great  
Are my afflictions! but of all the ills  
Which I have felt, this last is most severe.  
Me and these mansions with what terrors arm'd  
O Fortune, dost thou visit! from some Fiend  
This unforeseen dishonour takes its rise.  
A life like mine is not to be endur'd,  
And worse than death itself: for I see vast  
An ocean of calamity behold,  
That I can never hope to swim to land,  
Or stem these overwhelming waves of woe.  
Thee how shall I accost, or in what terms  
Sufficiently deplore thy wretched fate?  
Swift as a bird 'scap'd from the fowler's hand  
Hence hast thou vanish'd with impetuous flight  
To the domains of sullen Pluto borne.  
Grievous; alas! most grievous are these woes.  
But from some antient stores of wrath, reserv'd  
By vengeful Heaven to punish the misdeeds  
Of a progenitor, I sure derive  
This great calamity.

CHORUS.

Not you alone  
Have such afflictions visited, O King ;  
You, but in common with a thousand mourners,  
Have lost the noble partner of your bed.

THESEUS.

Under earth's deepest caverns would I dwell,  
Amid the shades of everlasting night [21],  
A wretch best number'd with the silent dead,  
Now I, alas ! for ever am bereft  
Of thy lov'd converse : for thou hast destroy'd  
Me rather than thyself. Who will inform me  
Whence death, with ruthless destiny combin'd,  
Thy vitals reach'd ? can any one disclose  
The real fact ; or doth this palace harbour  
A menial swarm in vain ? for thee, for thee,  
Alas, I grieve ! what sorrows of my house,  
Too great to be supported or express'd,  
Are these which I have witness'd ! but I perish ;  
These mansions are a desert, and my Sons  
Have lost their Mother.

CHORUS.

Thou hast left, hast left  
Thy friends, thou dearest and thou best of women,  
Whom the resplendent Sun, or glimmering Moon,  
E'er visited in her nocturnal round.  
O my unhappy, my unhappy Queen !

[21] Instead of  $\sigma\chi\omicron\lambda\omega$  with a comma prefixed, I, with Brunck, read  $\sigma\chi\omicron\lambda\epsilon$ , and subjoin to it the comma, which appears to me a very material improvement with but a slight violation of the text.

This house what dreadful evils have befallen !  
 Thy fate bedews these swimming eyes with tears :  
 But shuddering to the sequel of our woes  
 Already I look forward.

## THESEUS.

Ha, what means  
 The letter which she clasps in her dear hand,  
 What fresh intelligence can it contain ?  
 Hath the deceas'd here written a request  
 For aught that to the marriage bed pertains,  
 And her sons welfare ? Thou pale shade, rely  
 On this assurance, that no other Dame  
 The widow'd couch of Theseus shall ascend,  
 Or enter these abodes. Yet with such force,  
 These well known characters the golden ring  
 Of her who is no more hath here impress'd,  
 Allure me, that the seal I will burit open,  
 And learn what charge to me she would convey.

## CHORUS.

Some God, alas ! hath in succession heap'd  
 Evil on evil : such my fate, that life  
 Will be no longer any life to me  
 After this deed of horror. I pronounce  
 The house of my devoted King's o'erthrown,  
 And now no more a house. Yet, O ye Gods,  
 This family, if possible, forbear  
 To crush, and listen to my fervent vow.  
 Yet, like the soothsayer, my foreboding soul  
 An evil omen views.

## THESEUS.

To my past woes,  
 What woes, alas ! are added, far too great  
 To be endur'd or utter'd ! wretched me !

C H O R U S.

What fresh event is this ? speak, if the secret  
To me you can disclose.

T H E S E U S.

With loudest voice,  
The letter echoes such atrocious crimes  
As are not to be borne. To 'scape this load  
Of misery, whither, whither shall I fly ?  
For, I alas ! am utterly undone.  
What strains of horror, have these wretched eyes  
Beheld, in that portentous scroll express !

C H O R U S.

All that is terrible, your words announce.

T H E S E U S.

Within the door of my indignant lips,  
No longer thus will I contain a deed  
Of unexampled guilt. O city, city !  
Hippolytus with brutal force hath dar'd  
To violate my bed, and set at nought  
Jove's awful eye. But, O my Father Neptune,  
Since thou hast firmly promis'd that thou thrice  
Would'st grant me what I pray'd for ; now fulfil  
[22] One vow, and slay my Son, nor let him 'scape  
This single day, if thou, with me, design  
To ratify the compact thou hast made.

[12] The Scholiast, on v. 1349, of this Tragedy, says, Theseus received an oracle from Apollo, informing him, that whatever he prayed for to Neptune should be granted him three times : he then arranges that Theseus's petitions in the following order, first that he might return from Hell ; secondly, to be extricated from the labyrinth ; and lastly, that his Son Hippolytus might perish.

## C H O R U S.

Recal that imprecation to the Gods ;  
 For you, O King, your error will perceive ;  
 Attend to my advice.

## T H E S E U S.

These ears are clos'd :  
 Moreover I will drive him from the land ;  
 For of these twofold fates, or this or that  
 Must smite him ; Neptune, when he hears my curses,  
 Will plunge the miscreant to the shades of hell ;  
 Else, cast forth from his region, and ordain'd  
 To wander in some foreign land, a life  
 Of the profoundest misery shall he drag.

## C H O R U S.

Behold how seasonably your Son himself,  
 Hippolytus, is coming : O subdue,  
 My royal Lord, subdue that baleful rage ;  
 Consult the good of your unhappy house.

## HIPPOLYTUS, THESEUS, CHORUS.

## H I P P O L Y T U S.

Hearing your voice, I with the utmost speed  
 Am hither come, O Father ; tho' whence rise  
 These groans I know not, and from you would learn.  
 Ha ! what is here ? your Consort, O my fire,  
 I see, a breathless corse : this needs must cause  
 The greatest wonder. Since I left her living,  
 How short the intervening space ! but now  
 She op'd those eyes to view the radiant Sun.  
 What dire mischance beset her, in what manner  
 She died, inform me. Are you silent still ?

In our calamities of no avail  
Is silence: for solicitous to know.  
All that had pass'd, with greediness the heart  
Explores a tale of woe; nor is it just,  
My father, your afflictions to conceal [friends.  
From friends, and those who are yet more than

THESEUS.

O mortals, why, unprofitably lost  
In many errors, strive ye to attain  
A thousand specious arts, some new device  
Still meditating, yet ye neither know  
One rare attainment, nor by your enquiries  
Could ever reach, the gift of teaching those  
Who lack discretion, how to think aright?

HIPPOLYTUS.

The sage you speak of, he who could compel  
Fools to grow wise, must be expert indeed.  
But since the subtle arguments you use  
Are so ill-aim'd, my Sire, I greatly fear  
Your woes should cause your tongue to go beyond  
The bounds of reason.

THESEUS.

With some clearer test  
Man ought to have been furnish'd, to discern  
The thoughts, and sever from the real friend  
Each vile impostor. All the human race  
Should have two voices, one of sacred truth;  
No matter what, the other: 'gainst each plot  
Devis'd by foul injustice, hence the first  
Might in perpetual evidence come forth,  
And none could be deceiv'd.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Hath any friend

Accus'd me in your ear, and fix'd reproach  
 Upon the guiltless ? I with dire amaze  
 Am smitten : in such incoherent words  
 Your rage bursts forth, that horror fills my soul.

## THESEUS.

Ah, whither will the mind of man proceed  
 In its career ? can nature fix no bounds  
 To impudence ? for if this evil take  
 Still deeper root thro' each succeeding age,  
 The Son grown more abandon'd than the Father,  
 In pity to this world, the Gods should add  
 Another world sufficient to contain  
 All those who swerve from justice, and the brood  
 Of sinners. Look upon that impious wretch,  
 Tho' sprung from my own loins, who hath defil'd  
 My nuptial couch ; too clearly, the deceas'd,  
 His most atrocious villainy hath prov'd.  
 Shew then thy face before thy injur'd Sire,  
 Since to this pitch of unexampled guilt  
 Thou hast proceeded. Yet art thou the man  
 Who holds familiar converse with the Gods  
 As tho' his life were perfect ? art thou chaste  
 And pure from all defilement ? by thy boasts  
 I will not be deluded, nor suspect  
 Thou can'st impose upon the Powers Divine.  
 Now glory in thy vegetable food,  
 [23] Disciple of the tuneful Orpheus, rave

[23] " In these words Euripides seems to me, with equal  
 " learning and truth, to have ascribed the same origin to the in-  
 " stitutions of Bacchus, Orpheus, and Pythagoras, the latter of  
 " whom evidently borrowed from Orpheus a total abstinence

With Bacchus' frantic choir, and let the fumes  
 Of varied learning sooth thee. Thou art caught.  
 From me let all take warning, and avoid  
 Those artful hypocrites who bait the snare  
 With words which great austerity denote,  
 While they contrive base projects. She is dead;  
 And so thou deem'st thyself secure; yet hence  
 Thy guilt, O miscreant, is more clearly prov'd.  
 What weightier oath, what plea can'st thou devise  
 This letter to confute, that thou may'st 'scape  
 Unpunish'd for thy crime? wilt thou alledge  
 She hated thee, and that thy spurious birth  
 Makes the legitimate thy foe? 'twill argue  
 That she was prodigal of life, if thus  
 She forfeited whate'er her soul held dear  
 Thro' enmity to thee. But man belike  
 Is privileg'd from lust, whose power innate  
 Misleads frail woman. Well am I aware  
 Both male and female are alike expos'd  
 To danger, oft as Cytherea fires

“ from animal food. *To eat no flesh as is recorded of ancient Or-*  
*pheus*, says Plutarch in his Banquet of the seven wise Men.  
 “ Alëxis and Antiphanes, in Athenæus, deride the Philoso-  
 “ phers for such abstinence; and in this respect Zeno imitated  
 “ the Pythagoreans, making use, according to Diogenes Læ-  
 “ tius, *αὐτὸν τροφὴν*, that is, of bread, honey, and such kind  
 “ of food as could be prepared without the aid of fire.”—

VALKENAER.

Those readers who have not inclination or opportunity to consult the remains transmitted to us of the ancient Philosophers, will see the admirable doctrines of Pythagoras, illustrated with all the energy and graces of Poetry, by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, l. 15. v. 60—478. which my countrymen, who are acquainted only with their own language, may have the benefit of perusing in the version of that first of English translators the great Dryden, it being inserted in his *Miscellaneous Works*, published in 1760, by the late Mr. Derrick, Vol. IV. p. 41—68. and in the version of the *Metamorphoses*, published by Sir S. Carle.

G



The youthful heart, altho' a partial world  
 Forbear to brand our sex with equal shame.  
 But wherefore in an idle strife of words  
 With thee should I engage, when here, the corse,  
 That witness not to be suspected, lies?  
 With speed an exile from this land depart,  
 Nor dare to enter Athens by the Gods  
 Erected, or the bounds of my domain.  
 For if from thee I tamely should submit  
 To wrongs like these, no more would Sinnis tell  
 How erst I slew him at the Isthmian pass,  
 But say my boasts are vain; nor would the rocks  
 Of Schiron, dash'd by the surrounding waves,  
 Call me the scourge of villains.

## C H O R U S.

At a loss

Am I, of any mortal how to speak  
 As truly happy: for their lot who once  
 Were blest, hath undergone a total change.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Tho' dreadful, O my Father, is the wrath  
 And vehement commotion of your soul,  
 The charge against me which now seems so strong,  
 If duly search'd into, will prove devoid  
 Of truth and honour. I am not expert  
 At an harangue before assembled crowds,  
 Tho' somewhat better qualified to speak  
 Among my youthful comrades, and where few  
 Are present: a sufficient cause for this  
 ay be assign'd; for they who are held cheap  
 Among the wise, in more harmonious strains  
 Address the people. Yet am I constrain'd  
 By the severe emergency to burst

The bonds of silence, and begin my speech  
 With a discussion of that odious charge  
 By you first urged against me, to convict,  
 And bar me from replying. Do your eyes  
 Behold the sun and wide extent of earth?  
 Say, what you list; of all the numerous tribes  
 Who here were born, there's not a man more chaste  
 Than I am: the first knowledge I acquir'd  
 Was this, to reverence the immortal Gods,  
 And with those friends associate who attempt  
 Nought by the laws condemn'd, but are endued  
 With a deep sense of virtuous shame, and scorn  
 Either themselves to practise or to aid  
 Unseemly actions. I ne'er made a jest  
 Of those whom I converse with, O my Sire,  
 But to my friends have still remain'd the same  
 When they are absent, as when near at hand:  
 And above all, by that peculiar crime  
 In which you think that you have caught me now,  
 Am I untainted: by impure delight  
 I to this day have never been entic'd,  
 Of love and its transactions nought I know,  
 Except what I from casual talk have heard  
 [24] Or seen in pictures, but I am not eager

[24] "Euripides here speaks of paintings, according to the  
 "manners of his own times, and regardless of chronological pro-  
 "priety. In the age of Theseus, no lascivious pictures yet ex-  
 "isted. But the Poet is fond of similies taken from the art,  
 "and of this manner of speaking, which he introduces yet more  
 "preposterously in his Trojan captives, where Hecuba says,

"Αὐτὴ μὲν πῶτα ναὸς εἰσεβὴν σχαφός,

"Γραφὴ δ' ἰδεῖσα, καὶ κλυεὶς ἐπισαμαί."

V. 681.

I ne'er did mount  
 A ship, yet I from pictures and report  
 The matters know.

To look on these, for still my soul retains  
 Its virgin purity. But if no credence  
 My spotless chastity with you should find,  
 On you is it incumbent to shew how  
 I was corrupted. Did your Consort's charms  
 Eclipse all other women? could I hope  
 Beneath your roofs to dwell, and with your Wife  
 'That I the rich inheritance should gain?  
 This sure had been the highest pitch of folly.  
 But what a bait is empire! none at all  
 To those who are discreet, unless a lust  
 For kingly power already hath corrupted  
 Those who delight in it. O'er all the sons  
 Of Greece, in every honourable strife,  
 Is it my great ambition to prevail,  
 And be the first; but rather in the state  
 Would I live happy with my dearest friends,  
 And occupy the second rank: for bliss  
 Exempt from every danger, there is found,  
 'Transcending all that royalty can give.  
 One thing there is, by me not mention'd yet:  
 'Tho' all beside already have you heard.  
 Had I a single witness like myself  
 Of tried veracity, and could debate  
 With her while yet she liv'd, you from the fact,  
 After a strict enquiry, might decide  
 Which was the criminal. But now, by Jove,

"for if painting was known at the time of the Trojan war,  
 "which I can by no means believe, I would ask, is it probable  
 "that Hecuba, grown old at Troy, in a town situated near the  
 "sea-shore, should have seen no ships except in pictures"——  
 BRUNCK.

Though I entirely concur in the above interpretation, it may  
 be proper not to close this note without mentioning that Me-  
 landron renders γραφή λευσσάρι, video scripturam, and Ra-  
 tailler, literas istas videns; and that their versions are supported  
 by the authority of the Scholiast.

Who guards the oath inviolate, I swear,  
And by the conscious Ground on which we tread,  
That I your Consort never did approach,  
No not in will or deed. May I expire  
Stript of renown, and overwhelm'd with shame,  
Torn from my country, my paternal house,  
An exile and a vagrant thro' the world;  
Nor may the ocean or the earth receive  
My breathless corse, if I have thus transgress'd!  
[25] I know not whether 'twas thro' fear she lost  
Her life, and more than this I must not say.  
With her, discretion amply hath supplied  
The place of chastity; I still have practis'd  
That virtue, but, alas! without success.

CHORUS.

Sufficient is it to refute the charge  
That thou this oath hast taken, and call'd down  
The powers immortal to attest its truth.

THESEUS.

Is he not rather an audacious cheat,  
Trusting in magic arts, who dares to think  
He by an oath can bias the resolves  
Of his insulted Sire?

[25] "This might be spoken with truth by Hippolytus; and  
there was some room for doubt, whether Pnædra had put an  
end to her own life, because she was enraged at the repulse she  
had met with, or through fear. The verse of Hippolytus, or  
Virbius, in Ovid,

"Judicium metu magis, offensæ repulsæ.

"Met. L. xv. v. 501.

"seems to me to depend on another which is lost."—VALKE-  
NAER,

## HIPPOLYTUS.

The part you act  
 Challenges my astonishment: were you  
 My Son, and I your Father, had you dar'd  
 To violate my Wife, I would not banish,  
 But kill you.

## THESEUS.

Seasonable remark: the sentence  
 Which on thyself with justice thou hast pass'd  
 I will not now inflict; for instant death  
 Is grateful to the wretched. But ordain'd  
 An exile from thy native land to roam,  
 A life of tedious sorrow shalt thou drag  
 In foreign realms; such are the wages due  
 To an unrighteous man.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

What means my Sire?  
 Instead of waiting till impartial time  
 The merits of my conduct ascertain,  
 Hence will you banish me?

## THESEUS.

Had I the power,  
 Beyond the ocean, and where Atlas stands  
 Upon the [26] utmost limits of the world,  
 So strong the hatred which to thee I bear—

[26] Virgil's idea of the farthest extremity of the world is somewhat similar, and more circumstantially marked out,

*Oceanî finem juxta, solemque cadentem*

*Ultimus Ethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas*

*Axem humero torquet.*

*Æn. L. iv. v. 480.*

"Where the Sun sets, and utmost Ocean ends,

"The farthest bounds of Æthiopia lie;

"There mighty Atlas on his shoulders bears

"Heaven's axis."

STRAHAN.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What, without searching into any proof  
From oath, or witness, or the voice of Seers,  
Expel me uncondemn'd from these domains !

THESEUS.

This letter, which no Soothsayer can require  
To make it better understood, the charge  
'Gainst thee authenticates ; so to these birds  
Who hover o'er our heads I bid adieu.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Why am not I permitted, O ye Gods,  
To ope my mouth, when I my ruin owe  
To you whom I adore ? I will not speak :  
For he I ought to move hath 'gainst my voice  
Clos'd his obdurate ears : I should infringe  
A solemn oath, and sport with Heaven in vain.

THESEUS.

To me past all endurance is that mask  
Of sanctity which thou assum'st. With speed  
Why go'st thou not from thy paternal land ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Whither can I betake myself ? what friend  
Will to his house admit an exil'd wretch  
Charg'd with this great offence ?

THESEUS.

Who'er receives  
Each base invader of the marriage bed,  
And with the wicked man delights to dwell.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What wounds my soul, and from these eyes ex-  
The tear, is your believing me so wicked. [torts

THESEUS.

There was a proper season for these groans  
And all thy forethought, when thou to dishonour  
The Comfort of thy Father did'st presume.

HIPPOLYTUS.

O manfions, would to Heaven that ye a voice  
Could utter, and your testimony give,  
Whether I have transgress'd.

THESEUS.

Hast thou recourse  
To witnesses who lack the power of speech?  
Beyond all words this deed thy guilt displays.

HIPPOLYTUS.

In such position as to view my soul  
O could I stand, that I might cease to weep  
For the calamities I now endure!

THESEUS.

Thou thine own merits hast much more been wont  
To reverence, than with pious awe to treat  
Thy parents as thy duty doth enjoin.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Unhappy Mother! wretched Son! avert  
The curse which on a spurious race attends,  
From those who share my friendship, righteous Gods!

## THESEUS.

Will ye not drag him from my sight, ye slaves ;  
 Did you not hear how I long since decreed  
 He shall be banish'd !

## HIPPOLYTUS.

They should rue it soon,  
 If they presum'd to touch me. But yourself  
 May from these realms expel me if you list.

## THESEUS.

If thou obey not these commands, I will :  
 For I feel no compassion for thy exile.

*Exit Theseus.*

## HIPPOLYTUS.

The sentence is, it seems, already pass'd ;  
 Wretch that I am ! My doom indeed I know,  
 Yet know not in what language to express  
 The pangs I feel.—O thou to me most dear  
 Of all the Gods, Latona's virgin Daughter,  
 Who dwell'st with me, companion of the chase,  
 Far from illustrious Athens let us fly ;  
 I to that city and Erechtheus' land  
 Now bid farewell.—O thou Troezenian realm,  
 Fraught with each varied pleasure youth admires,  
 Adieu : I see thee now for the last time,  
 And these last parting words to thee address.  
 Come, O ye youths, my comrades, hither come,  
 Speak kindly to me now, and till we reach  
 The frontiers of this country, on my steps  
 Attend. For ye shall ne'er behold a man  
 More chaste, tho' such I seem not to my Sire.

*Exit Hippolytus.*



## HIPPOLYTUS.

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

When I reflect on Heaven's just sway,  
 Each anxious thought is driven away ;  
 But, ah ! too soon, hope's flattering prospect ends,  
 And in this harass'd soul despair succeeds ;  
 When I compare with human deeds,  
 What fate those deeds attends.  
 At each various period changing,  
 Form'd upon no settled plan,  
 In a maze of errors ranging,  
 Veers the precarious life of man.

## I. 2.

May the kind Gods' paternal care,  
 Attentive to their votary's prayer,  
 Grant unallay'd prosperity and wealth,  
 Let me enjoy, without conspicuous fame,  
 A character unstain'd by shame,  
 With mental ease and health :  
 Thus exempt from wrinkled sorrow,  
 Would I ape the circling mode,  
 Alter my conduct with the morrow,  
 And snatch each pleasure as it flow'd.

## II. 1.

Now I a heart no longer pure  
 Against the shocks of fortune can secure,  
 But feel at length e'en hope itself expire :  
 Since from the land we see that star whose light  
 On Athens shone serenely bright,

Remov'd by Theseus' ire.

Lament, thick scatter'd on the shore, ye sands,  
Where Trœzene's city stands,  
And steep mountains, which ascending  
With thy hounds to trace the prey,  
Thou, Hippolytus, attending  
Dictynna, the swift hind didst slay.

## II. 2.

No longer the Hænnetian steeds  
Yok'd to thy chariot, o'er yon sacred meads  
Around the ring, wilt thou expertly guide.  
The Muse, whose lyre is doom'd to sound no more,  
Shall the paternal house deplore,  
Bereft of thee its pride.  
For Dian's haunts beneath th' embowering shade,  
Now no hand the wreath will braid.  
Thou art from this region banish'd,  
Hence is Hymen's torch decay'd :  
All prospects of thy love are banish'd,  
The rivalry of many a maid.]

## III.

By thy calamity inspir'd  
With plaintive strains, will I bewail thy fate,  
O wretched Mother, who in vain  
The throes of childbirth did'st sustain.  
I with indignant hate  
Against the Gods themselves am fir'd.  
Ah, gentle Graces, smiling at his birth,  
Could not you screen by your benignant power  
Your guiltless votary, in an evil hour  
Sentenc'd to wander far from his paternal earth ?  
The servant of Hippolytus, with looks  
Which witness grief, I see in haste approach.

## MESSENGER, CHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

Ye matrons, whither shall I speed my course  
To find the royal Theseus? if you know,  
Inform me; is the monarch here within?

## CHORUS.

Forth from the palace he in person comes.

## THESEUS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

O Theseus, the intelligence I bring  
Deserves the serious thoughts of you, and all  
The citizens who, or in Athens, dwell,  
Or on the borders of Trœzene's land.

## THESEUS.

What mean'st thou? hath some recent woe befallen  
These [27] two adjacent cities?

## MESSENGER.

In one word,  
To sum up all, Hippolytus is dead;  
For he but for a moment views the sun.

[27] Trœzene, which is in the Peloponnesus, and situated in the extremity of the province of Argus, is separated by the bay of Saron from Athens, which lies on the opposite shore of the main continent of Greece.

THESEUS.

Say, by what hostile arm the miscreant fell?  
Did any one, whose Wife with brutal force,  
As late his Father's, he defil'd, assail him?

MESSENGER.

The fiery courfers who his chariot drew  
Destroy'd him, and the curses you address'd  
To the stern ruler of the deep, your Sire,  
Against your Son.

THESEUS.

Thanks, O ye righteous Gods,  
Now, [28] Neptune, hast thou prov'd thyself my  
Since thou my imprecations hast fulfill'd. [Father,  
Inform me how he perish'd, how the sword  
Of Justice smote the villain who had wrong'd me?

MESSENGER.

We, near the beach, oft dash'd by the hoarse waves  
Of ocean, smooth'd his generous courfers' manes, [29]  
Yet weeping. For a messenger arriv'd  
With tidings, that Hippolytus no more

[28] Apollodorus, L. 3. c. 7. leaves it equally dubious with Euripides, whether the God Neptune, or Ægeus the husband of Æthra, was the real Father of Theseus.

[29] "It by no means surprizes me that the long accounts of Hippolytus' death, even in Racine's Tragedy, set off as it is with a great variety of ornaments, seems tedious to some of the best critics of France. The elaborate remarks of M. A. Racine, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, Tom. 8. p. 311. are extremely worthy of being perused."—VALENTINER.

Would to this realm be suffer'd to return,  
Sentenc'd by you to miserable exile.

But, to confirm this piteous tale, soon came  
The banish'd Prince, and join'd us on the strand,  
A numerous groupe of comrades on his steps  
Attended : after a long pause, he said,  
Ceasing his plaints ; " why still should I lament  
" My doom, my Father's word must be obey'd :  
" Those steeds, ye servants, harness to the car ;  
" 'Trœzene is no longer my abode."

Soon as we heard, all hasten'd : these commands  
Scarce was there time to issue, when we brought  
The ready coursers harness'd to their Lord :  
Mounting his chariot then the reins he seiz'd,  
When he his feet had in strong [30] buskins clad :  
But first with hands outspread invoc'd the Gods,  
And cried ; " O righteous Jove, here end my life,  
" If I have sinn'd : but let my Father know  
[31] " How much he wrongs us, whether we expire,

[30] This construction of the word *αἰχμαλίσσιον* is objected to by Valkenaër and Dr. Musgrave on the authority of Eustathius on Homer's Iliad, L. 2. v. 728. where this passage of Euripides is cited, and *αἰχμαλαί* are supposed to be the semicircular projections on each side of the chariot, on which the charioteer fixed his feet : but Henry Stephens, in his Greek Thesaurus, confirms the usual acceptation of the word *αἰχμαλαί* in this place by the citation of it, in the Etymologicum Magnum. Reiskius does not dissent from this interpretation, but objects to the epithet *αὐταῖσιον*, and proposes the choice of three others. Dr. Musgrave proposes *ἑστῆαις ἐν*, but seems to have wavered, and been undetermined both as to the substantive and adjective, his Latin version being *vilibus ocreis* : but the very words *αὐταῖς αἰχμαλαί* stand unchallenged in the Bacchanalians, v. 1132. ed. Barnes, where it is impossible to interpret the expression in any other sense than sandals or buskins.

[31] " The Scholiast observes, that this verse is marked with the letter X, which is affixed to it as a sign of disapprobation by the Grammarians, on account of the singular number being

“ Or still behold the light.” With lifted thong  
 The rapid coursers onward then he drove ;  
 We servants close behind our master’s car  
 Follow’d along [32] the Epidaurian road  
 Which leads direct to Argos. But at length,  
 Passing the limits of this realm, we enter’d  
 A wilderness adjoining to the coast  
 Of the Saronian deep : a dreadful sound  
 Was from the inmost caverns of the earth  
 Sent forth like Jove’s own thunder, while the steeds  
 Astonish’d, with their heads and ears erect  
 Towards Heaven, stopp’d short. An instant terror seiz’d  
 On all of us ; we wonder’d whence the sound  
 Could issue, till at length, as on the beach  
 We look’d, a mighty wave we saw, which reach’d [33]  
 The skies, and from our views conceal’d the cliffs  
 Of Sciron, the whole isthmus cover’d o’er,  
 And Æsculapius’ rock, then to a size  
 The most enormous swollen, and pouring forth

“ changed into the plural. For when the Athenians waged war  
 “ against Chios, they were so extremely violent in their hatred  
 “ of its inhabitants, that they marked counterfeit coin, and  
 “ whatever they disliked, with an X, the initial of the Greek  
 “ word *Χιός*, to express their contempt.”—BARNES.

[32] I have followed Valkenaer in reading *Κ' επιδανυριαν*, for which he cites the authority of Florentine and Parisian manuscripts, Epidauria being, as he observes, situated in the road from Træzene to Argos.

[33] “ Euripides has copied this expression of *Κυμ' υφανω*  
 “ *στηριζον* from Homer, whose Discord,

“ *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,*

“ *—— et caput inter nubila condit.*

“ in the Iliad, L. 4. v. 443.

“ *ολιγη μιν πρωτα κορυσσειαι αυλαρ επιλα*

“ *Ουρανω στηριξει καρη, και επι χθονι βαυσσι.*

“ Small at her birth, but rising every hour,

“ While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,

“ She stalks on Earth.”

POPE.

VALKENAER.

With loud explosion foam on every side,  
The tide impell'd it onward to the coast  
Where stood the harness'd steeds ; amid the storm  
And whirlwind's rage, the wave disgorg'd a Bull,  
Ferocious monster, with whose bellowings fill'd,  
All earth resounded horribly : our eyes  
Scarce could endure the sight. With panic fear  
The steeds were seiz'd that instant : but meantime  
Their Lord, who to the managing them long  
Had been inur'd, caught up with both his hands  
The reins, and drew them tight, as the rude oar  
A sailor plies ; exerting all his strength,  
Then backward lean'd, and twisted them around  
His body : but the raging couriers gnash'd  
Their steely curbs, and scour'd along the field,  
Regardless of the hand that steer'd their course,  
Or rein or polish'd car. Along the plain,  
If he attempted their career to guide,  
The Bull in front appear'd, to turn them back,  
And e'en to madness scar'd : but if they ran  
Close to the shelving rocks with frantic rage,  
He, silently approaching, follow'd hard  
Behind the chariot ; 'gainst a rugged cliff,  
Till he the wheel directing, had o'erthrown  
The vehicle. 'Twas dire confusion all :  
Upward the spokes and shiver'd axle flew ;  
The hapless youth entangled in the reins,  
Confin'd by an inextricable bond,  
Was dragg'd along ; against the rock his head  
With violence was dash'd, and his whole body  
Receiv'd full many a wound. These horrid words  
He utter'd with a shriek ; " Stop, O my steeds,  
" Nor kill the master in whose stalls ye fed !  
" O dreadful imprecations of my Sire !  
" Who is at hand to save a virtuous man ?"  
Tho' many wish'd to rescue him, too late

We came. But from the broken reins releas'd  
At length, I know not by what means, he fell,  
In a small portion yet the breath of life  
Retaining. But the horses, from all eyes,  
And that accursed monster, were conceal'd  
Among the mountains, where, I cannot tell..  
Tho' I indeed, O King, am in your house  
A servant, yet I never can be brought  
To think your Son was with such guilt defil'd,  
Tho' the whole race of women should expire  
Suspended in the noose, and every pine  
On Ida's summit were with letters fill'd ;  
So well am I convinc'd that he was virtuous.

C H O R U S.

The measure of our recent woes is full :  
No means, alas, are left for us to 'scape  
The sentence of unalterable fate.

T H E S E U S.

From hatred to the man who hath endur'd  
These sufferings, I with pleasure heard thy tale :  
But now, thro' a just reverence for the Gods,  
And for that wretch, because he was my Son,  
I from his woes, nor joy, nor sorrow feel. [34]

[34] The close resemblance between this line and the following passage in Lycophron,

ω γελω; απεχθειαι  
Και δακρυ' ηης δεξι, και τηλωμενο;  
Αμφον. V, 117.

there spoken of Proteus king of Egypt, on hearing of his two wicked Sons Polygonus and Telegonus, who had infested Thrace, being slain by Hercules, seems to have struck Barnes (who refers to the history, without mentioning the Author by whom it is related), and has not passed unnoticed by the commentators on Lycophron. The Scholia of Tzetzes call the elder Son of Proteus, Tmolus: but it appears from Apollodorus, who has been followed by Archbishop Potter, that his name was Polygonus.



## MESSENGER.

But whither must we bear the dying youth,  
 To gratify your wish, or how proceed?  
 Consider well: but if you would adopt  
 My counsels, you with harshness would not treat  
 Your hapless Son.

## THESEUS.

The miscreant bring;  
 That I, when face to face I shall behold  
 Him who denies that he my nuptial bed  
 Polluted, may convict him by my words,  
 And these calamities the Gods inflict.

*Exit Messenger.*

## CHORUS.

To yours, O Venus, and your Son's control,  
 Whose glittering pinions speed his flight,  
 The Gods incline their stubborn soul,  
 And mortals yielding to resistless might.  
 For, o'er land, and stormy main,  
 Love is borne, who can restrain  
 By more than magic art  
 Each furious impulse of the heart:  
 Savage whelps on mountains bred,  
 Monsters in the ocean fed,  
 All who on earth behold the solar ray,  
 And man, his mild behests obey.  
 For you, O Venus, you alone  
 Sit on an unrivall'd throne,  
 By each duteous votary fear'd,  
 As a mighty Queen rever'd.

Canterus observes, that Phædo, in Plato, says that he found himself in the same equal suspense, between joy and grief, on receiving the account of the death of Socrates.

## DIANA, THESEUS, CHORUS.

D I A N A.

Thee, sprung from noble Ægeus, I command  
 To listen, for to thee Diana speaks,  
 The Daughter of Latona. Why, O Theseus  
 Do these disastrous tidings fill thy heart  
 With pleasure, when unjustly thou hast slain  
 Thy Son, the false assertions of thy Consort  
 On no clear proof believing? yet too clear  
 Is the atrocious guilt thou hast incarr'd.  
 Cover'd with shame, why hid'st thou not thy head  
 In gloomy Tartarus, in the realms beneath;  
 Or, this abhorr'd pollution to escape,  
 On active wing why mount'st thou not the skies?  
 In the society of virtuous men  
 Thou canst not pass the remnant of thy life.  
 Hear me, O Theseus, while I state the ills  
 In which thou art involv'd: tho' now to thee  
 It can avail no longer, thy regret  
 Will I excite. The purposes I came for  
 Are these; to shew that to thy Son belongs  
 An upright heart, how to preserve his fame  
 His life he loses, and that frantic rage  
 Thy Consort seiz'd, whose conduct hath in part  
 Been generous: for, with lawless passion stung,  
 By that pernicious Goddess, whom myself,  
 And all to whom virginity is dear,  
 Peculiarly abhor, she lov'd thy Son,  
 And while she strove by reason to o'ercome  
 Th' assaults of Venus, unconsenting fell  
 By those vile stratagems her Nurse devis'd,  
 Who to thy Son the Queen's disease reveal'd  
 Under the awful sanction of an oath;  
 But he, by justice render'd strong, complied not  
 With her solicitations, yet no wrongs

Which he from thee experienc'd, could provoke  
 The pious youth to violate that faith  
 Which he had sworn to. She meanwhile alarm'd,  
 Left to his Father he her guilt should prove,  
 Wrote that deceitful letter, on thy soul  
 Gaining too prompt a credence, and thy Son  
 Hath by her baleful artifice destroy'd.

THESEUS.

Ah me!

DIANA.

Doth what I have already spoken,  
 O Theseus, wound thee? to the sequel lend  
 A patient ear, and thou shalt find just cause  
 To wail yet more. Thou know'st thy Sire engag'd  
 That thy petitions thrice he would fulfil;  
 And one of these, O thou most impious man,  
 Which might have slain some foe, hast thou employ'd  
 In the destruction of thy Son. Thy Father,  
 Who rules the ocean, tho' to thee a friend,  
 Gave what he promis'd, by strict honour bound.  
 But thou to him, as well as me, must seem  
 Devoid of worth, who waiting for no oath  
 To be administer'd, nor till the Seers  
 Could utter a response, or length of time  
 Enable thee to search into the truth,  
 Thy curses hast too hastily pour'd forth  
 Against thy Son, and slain him.

THESEUS.

Aweful Queen,

Should I were dead!

DIANA.

Thou hast committed crimes  
 Dreadful; but may'st haply still obtain  
 Thy gracious pardon: since at the behest  
 Of these calamitous events

Took place to satiate her relentless ire.  
 For 'tis a law among the Gods, that none  
 Shall thwart the will of any other God,  
 But on us all is equally enjoind  
 Mutual submission. Else be thou assur'd,  
 Had I not fear'd Jove's wrath, into such shame  
 I never would have fall'n, nor suffer'd him  
 Whom I hold dearest of the human race,  
 To perish. As for thy offence, thou first  
 By ignorance, from malice art absolv'd;  
 Again, thy Consort, the deceas'd, us'd words  
 Of strong persuasion to mislead thy soul.  
 Now by the mighty conflux of these woes  
 Thou chiefly art o'erwhelm'd : but I too grieve.  
 For in a good man's death the righteous Gods  
 Rejoice not : with their children and their house,  
 Tho' we the wicked utterly destroy,

HIPPOLYTUS, DIANA, THESEUS, CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Here comes the hapless youth, his graceful frame  
 And auburn locks disfigur'd. Wretched house !  
 What twofold woes, thro' Heaven's supreme behest,  
 Invade this family !

HIPPOLYTUS.

How am I rent,  
 Ah me, thro' those unrighteous vows pronounc'd  
 By an unrighteous Father ! thro' my head  
 Shoot dreadful pangs, and strong convulsions rend  
 My tortur'd brain. Ah me ! lay down to rest  
 This shatter'd body ! ye accursed steeds,  
 Tho' fed with my own hand, have ye destroy'd  
 And slain your master. Ah, I by the Gods  
 Entreat you, softly handle, O my friends,  
 This wounded frame. Who stands there on my right

Carefully raise me up, and bear along  
 With even step a wretch who hath been curs'd  
 By his mistaken Sire. Jove, righteous Jove,  
 Behold'st thou this? I who devoutly worship'd  
 The Gods, and all the human race excell'd  
 In chastity, depriv'd of life am plung'd  
 Into the yawning subterraneous realms  
 Of Orcus. Sure I exercis'd in vain  
 Each pious toil to benefit mankind.  
 My pangs return afresh. Let loose your hold.  
 Come, Death, thou best of medicines [35]. Kill me,  
 O for a sword to pierce my heart, and close [kill me.  
 In endless slumbers this detested life.  
 How inauspicious was my Father's curse!  
 That lingering vengeance which pursues the guilt  
 By my [36] Progenitors, in antient days,  
 Committed, and my kindred who are stain'd  
 With recent murders, terminates in me,  
 No longer now suspended. O ye Gods,  
 Why do you punish me who had no share  
 In those enormities? but in what words  
 Can I express myself, or how escape  
 From the oppressive numbness which weighs down

[35] Upon examining several of the different Latin versions, I find that published under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, and those of Melancthon and Rataleer, all three concur with me in rendering *προσολυσις* *ολυσις* as the imperative mood.

[36] The concurrence of Reiskius, Heath, Valkenaer, and Mulgrave, has induced me to transpose the two lines of

Παλαιῶν προγεννητορῶν

Μιανφρονῶν τε σφύσεων

which are inverted in Barnes and the earlier editors: by "Progenitors" are generally understood Tantalus and Pelops, from whom descended Pittheus, Æthra, Theseus, Hippolytus, and by "Kindred," Atreus and Thyestes, with perhaps a glance at Theseus' murder of the Sons of Pallas.

# HIPPOLYTUS.

83

My senses? would to Heaven, the Fates who haunt  
Pluto's abode, the realm of antient night,  
Would lay me down in everlasting sleep!

D I A N A.

With what calamity, O hapless Youth,  
Hast thou been yok'd! it is thy generous soul  
Which hath destroy'd thee.

HIPPOLYTUS.

From celestial lips  
How doth a fragrant odour breathe around!  
Amid my sufferings thee I did perceive,  
The pangs I feel were instantly assuag'd.  
Diana sure is here.

D I A N A.

Beside thee stands  
Thy favourite Goddess.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Dost thou see my woes,  
O thou whom I adore?

D I A N A.

These eyes behold  
What thou endur'st: but they no [37] tear must shed.

[37] Ovid, speaking of Apollo when he had slain Coronis:

Tam vero gemitus (neque enim celestia tangi

Ora decet lachrymis) alto de corde petitos

Eddidit.

Met. L. ii. v. 621.

"With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,

"And, if a God could weep, the God had wept."

ADDISON.

and of Ceres bewailing the loss of her Daughter Proserpine,  
Dixit, & ut lachrymæ (neque enim lachrymare Deorum est)

Decidit in tepidos lucida gutta sinus. Fast. L. iv. v. 521.

He spoke, and in the semblance of a tear,  
(For by no tears are griefs of Gods express'd)  
From the pure fount of those celestial eyes  
Stole lucid drops adown her heaving breast.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Thy faithful comrade in the sylvan chase,  
Thy votary is no more.

DIANA.

Alas! no more!  
Yet e'en in death to me thou still art [38] dear.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Nor he who drove thy fiery steeds, and watch'd  
Thy images.

DIANA.

These stratagems, by Venus  
From whom all mischief takes its rise, were plann'd.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Too well I know the Goddess who destroy'd me.

DIANA.

For her neglected homage much enrag'd  
Against thee, to the chase a constant foe.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Us three, I find, her hatred hath undone.

DIANA.

Thy Father, Thou, and his unhappy Wife,  
Complete that number.

HIPPOLYTUS.

I bewail my Sire.

DIANA.

Him by her arts that Goddess hath misled:

HIPPOLYTUS.

To you, my Father, this event hath prov'd  
A source of woes abundant.

[38] Προσφιλής, instead of δυσπρόμιλος, in Valkenaer and Musgrave, on the authority of several ancient manuscripts.

# HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS.

O my Son,  
I perish, and in life have now no joy.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Yet more for you, who have been thus deluded,  
Than for myself, I grieve.

THESEUS.

My Son, I gladly  
Would die to save thee.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Fatal gifts of Neptune  
Your Father.

THESEUS.

Now most earnestly I wish  
These lips had never utter'd such a prayer.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What then? you would have slain me, such your wrath.

THESEUS.

Because I by the Gods was then depriv'd  
Of Understanding.

HIPPOLYTUS.

O that in return  
Mankind could with their curses blast the Gods!

DIANA.

Be pacified: for in earth's darksome caves,  
The rage of Venus, who on thee hath wreak'd  
Such horrors for thy pure and virtuous soul,  
I will not suffer unatton'd to rest.  
For in requital, my vindictive hand  
With these inevitable darts shall smite

I



[39] The dearest of her votaries. But on thee  
 These sufferings to reward will I bestow  
 The greatest honors in Trœzene's realm;  
 [40] For to thy shade, ere jocund Hymen wave  
 The kindled torch, each nymph her tresses shorn  
 Shall dedicate, and with abundant tears  
 For a long season thy decease bewail. . . .  
 In their harmonious ditties the chaste choir  
 Of virgins ever shall record thy fate,  
 Nor pass unnotic'd Phœdra's hapless love. . . .  
 But, O thou Son of Ægeus, in whose arms  
 Embrace the dying youth; for 'gainst thy will  
 Did'st thou destroy him. When the Gods ordain  
 That man should err, he cannot disobey.  
 This counsel, O Hippolytus, to thee  
 I give; no hatred to thy Father bear,

[39] "The Scholiast calls those delirious who think that Adonis is here meant, when he was not slain by the shafts of Diana, but the jealousy of Mars, who sent a wild Boar to destroy him. But, with permission of the Scholiast, I contend this ought to be referred to Adonis: for as Pet. Victorius observes, in his various readings, L. iv. c. 17; 'though he was slain by the Boar, Mars being the author of his death, Diana might lay claim to this exploit, because Adonis lost his life in her favourite pursuit of hunting.' But what puts the matter out of all doubt is, that Apollodorus himself, lib. iii. c. 13. § 4. bears witness, that Adonis was slain by Diana: his words are these; 'Adonis, yet a boy, through the anger of Diana, perished as he was hunting by a wound he received from a Boar.' Muretus made this observation before me, var. lect. l. 5. c. 7." BARNES.

[40] "The Trœzenians worshipped Hippolytus with anniversary sacred rites as a Hero, supposing him borne to the starry heavens by the name of the *Charioteer*; they honoured him also with a temple; which Pausanias, l. 2. c. 32. describes as situated in a most beautiful grove, and records this circumstance of the virgins, previous to their marriage, cutting off their hair, and depositing it for a votive gift, as the Poet here mentions." VALKENAER.

# HIPPOLYTUS.

27

For well thou know'st from whence thy fate arose.  
And now farewell! for I am not allow'd  
To view unholy corse of the slain,  
Or with the pangs of those who breathe their last  
Pollute these eyes: too clearly I discern  
That thou art near the moment of thy death.  
*Exit Diana.*

# HIPPOLYTUS.

Farewel, blest Virgin, grieve not thus to part  
From a most faithful votary, who with thee  
Hath long held converse. With my Sire I end  
All strife at thy behest; for to thy words  
I still have been obedient. Wretched me!  
Already thickest darkness overspreads  
These swimming eyes. My Father, in your arms  
Receive me, and support this sinking frame.

# THESEUS.

How, O my Son, dost thou increase my woes!

# HIPPOLYTUS.

I perish, and already view the gates  
Of yon drear realms beneath.

# THESEUS.

But wilt thou leave  
My soul polluted?

# HIPPOLYTUS.

No, from the foul crime  
You I absolve.

# THESEUS.

What said'st thou? Shall the stain  
Of having shed thy blood no longer rest  
On me thy murderer?

I am acquitted from

## HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Let Diana witness,  
Who with her shafts subdues the savage brood.

THESEUS.

How generous is this treatment of thy Sire,  
My dearest Son!

HIPPOLYTUS.

Farewel! a long adieu  
I bid to you, my Father.

THESEUS.

Ah, how pious,  
How virtuous is thy soul!

HIPPOLYTUS.

Implore the Gods  
That all your race legitimate may tread  
In the same path.

THESEUS.

Desert me not, my Son;  
Take courage.

HIPPOLYTUS.

It is now, alas! too late,  
For, O my Sire, I die. Make no delay,  
But with this garment cover o'er my face. (*He dies.*)

THESEUS.

Minerva's fortress, thou Athenian realm,  
Of what a virtuous Prince art thou depriv'd!  
Ah, wretched me! how oft shall I reflect,  
O Venus, on the ills which thou hast caus'd!

CHORUS.

On our whole city hath this public loss  
Fallen unforeseen. Abundant tears shall flow.  
When bleed the mighty, their sad history leaves  
A more profound impression on the heart.

---

**IPHIGENIA in AULIS**

Sæpè Joſeph

Religio peperit ſcleroſa atque impia ſaſta

Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis Aram

Iphianaffai turparunt ſanguine fœdè

Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum.

Lucretius

**PERSONS of the DRAMA,**

**AGAMEMNON.**

*An aged Attendant.*

**CHORUS** of Dames of Chalcis.

**MENELAUS.**

**MESSENGER.**

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

**IPHIGENIA.**

**ACHILLES.**

**SCENE,** *the Coast bordering on the Haven of Aulis  
in Boeotia.*

# IPHIGENIA in AULIS.

---

AGAMEMNON, AN AGED ATTENDANT.

AGAMEMNON.

COME forth, my aged follower, from this tent.

ATTENDANT.

I come. But what fresh scheme employs the thoughts  
Of royal Agamemnon ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt hear.

ATTENDANT.

I haste. Old age gives keenness to these eyes,  
And makes them strangers to sleep's balmy gifts.

AGAMEMNON.

What star now holds his course ?

92 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

ATTENDANT.

'Tis Sirius borne  
Near the seven Pleiades in mid career.

AGAMEMNON.

No sound is heard, or from the feather'd choir,  
Or ocean's waves; the silent winds still keep  
Euripus in a calm.

ATTENDANT.

But why rush forth,  
My Sovereign, from your tent? for o'er this coast  
Of Aulis still an universal rest  
Prevails, and station'd on yon walls remain  
The centinels, ~~in motionless array,~~  
Shall we go in?

AGAMEMNON.

Thee, O thou aged man,  
Happy I deem, and happy all who live  
From danger free, inglorious and unknown:  
But those on whom great honours wait, I hold  
Less to be envied.

ATTENDANT.

Hence doth life acquire  
Its splendor.

AGAMEMNON.

Yet such splendor oft is found  
Precarious. Empire, tempting to the view,  
Comes laden with affliction. For some God,  
To whom our homage was not duly paid,  
At times our prosperous fortunes hath o'erthrown:  
Again, a Monarch's transitory bliss,  
By the discordant froward wills of those  
We rule, hath been embitter'd.

## ATTENDANT.

In a King

I blame such language. From a mortal Sire  
 You spring not to receive unmingled good,  
 O Agamemnon : Atreus' son must feel  
 Vicissitudes of joy and grief, the lot  
 Of human kind : reluctance nought avails,  
 For thus hath Heaven ordain'd. You snatch the torch  
 And write that very letter, which your hand  
 Still bears irresolutely, then erase  
 The signature, seal, break it open, dash  
 The [1] tablet on the ground, shed many a tear,  
 And shew such wild confusion, that your brain  
 Seems touch'd with frenzy. Wherefore labouring  
 Your bosom ; what new grievance wound [heaves  
 To me reveal your cares, and be assur'd,  
 You to a faithful and a virtuous man  
 Will utter them. Me, Tyndarus, with your Bride

[1] " The younger Racine, himself a Poet, justly praises this picture as admirable, in the *Mém. of the Acad. des Inscriptions*. t. viii. p. 290. Ovid has with great success transferred the thought of Euripides, copied, I apprehend, from hence, to *Biblis* preparing to reveal by letter her incestuous love to her Brother *Caunus*.

" Incipit ; et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas ;

" Et notat : et delet ; mutat, culpaturque, probaturque,

" Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positasque resumat.

MET. l. ix. v. 527.

" The pencil then in her fair hand she held,

" By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd,

" She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,

" Likes it as fit, then raises it as vain." S. HARVEY.

Valkensær-not, in *Hippolytum*, p. 299.

Barnes, Carmelli, and others, understand by *Πύρρον* " a torch." but Valkensær is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, in interpreting it of the tablet made of the wood of the pine-tree, on which Agamemnon was writing his letter.



94. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Erst sent as an addition to her dower,  
An upright guardian to the royal fair.

[2] AGAMEMNON.

To Leda, from Ætolian Theſſius ſprung,  
Were born three Daughters; Phœbe, Clytemneſtra  
My wife, and Helen, to whose love aſpir'd  
The wealthieſt youths of Greece; each rival, threats  
Of murderous vengeance utter'd, if he fail'd  
To win the maid, her Father hence remain'd  
Long in ſuſpence, whether he ſhould beſtow [3]  
Or not beſtow her, and on wavering Fortune  
How with moſt ſurety he might fix his hold:  
At length this thought occur'd, he made them ſwear,  
Join hands in token of the ſacred league,  
Sprinkle libations as the victims blaz'd,  
And bind themſelves with curſes to aſſiſt  
That favour'd youth, who for his bride obtain'd  
The bright Tyndarean nymph, and from his houſe

[2] This ſpeech, though interwoven with the dialogue, is evidently calculated only to give information to the Spectators, as the Attendant, to whom it is addreſſed, could be no ſtranger to the hiſtory of Tyndarus's family, in which he had reſided as a ſervant till the marriage of Agamemnon and Clytemneſtra: the following fragment however, preſerved by Ælian, and cited as from this play, is with great probability ſuppoſed, by Dr. Muſgrave, to have formed part of the Prologue, which appears to have been ſpoken by Diana.

A Hind with branching horns, I in the hands

Of Grecian Chiefs will place, which they ſhall ſlay,

And deem that they have ſacrificed thy Daughter.

[3] " This ſeems taken from Æſchylus:

" Αμύχανω δὲ, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει φράνας,

" Αἰετοὶ γὰρ, μὴ θραύσιν-εν, καὶ τύχη ἐλεῖν.

Suppl. v. 384.

" Perplex'd I fear

" To act, or not to act, and fix my choice." Potter.

MARKEHAM.

If any ravisher should bear away  
 The lovely prize, to war with all their might  
 Against him, and his city overthrow,  
 Greek or Barbarian. But their plighted troth  
 When they had given, them, by this sage device,  
 Soon as the aged Tyndarus had o'erreach'd  
 His Daughter he permitted to select  
 One of her suitors, as the welcome gale  
 Which Venus raises, should direct her love.  
 Her choice was Menelaus: would to Heaven  
 My Brother had refus'd the tempting bane.  
 But from the Phrygian land, fame loudly tells  
 How Paris, who had lately been the judge  
 Betwixt contending Goddesses, arrived  
 On Sparta's shore with glittering vest attir'd  
 In burnish'd gold, and gay Barbaric pomp:  
 He, amorous youth, departing, bore away  
 The amorous Helen, and to Ida's mount,  
 On which he fed the lowing herd, convey'd  
 In Menelaus' absence. But thro' Greece  
 The raging Husband flew, and by that oath,  
 Which they to Tyndarus erst had sworn, conjur'd  
 Each [4] rival chief to vindicate his wrongs.

[4] In Apollodorus we meet with a list of Helen's Suitors, twenty-nine in number, including most of the Grecian Heroes, celebrated by Homer in his Iliad, except Achilles: Helen indeed, in the Tragedy of Euripides which bears her name, speaking to Teucer, says, she has heard that Achilles was one of Helen's lovers: but Pausanias in the 24th chapter of his Laconica is clearly of a different opinion, and considers Achilles, from what he himself says in the first book of the Iliad, as a volunteer in the cause, a circumstance very essential to that Hero's character, whose remaining disguised in female apparel at the court of Lycomedes till he was discovered by Ulysses, must cause him to appear in a very dishonourable light, if previously bound by oath to Tyndarus to assist in the recovery of his Daughter; a reproach which is wholly obviated by Apollodorus' account of his being conveyed to the island of Scyros in disguise, at the time of

# 96 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

To arms hence rushing with impetuous speed,  
 The Greeks their troops assemble in these straits  
 Of Aulis; ships with targets, neighing steeds  
 And brazen chariots for the war prepar'd:  
 Me have they chosen to command this host,  
 Because I am his Brother, for the sake  
 Of Menelaus; but this rank I wish  
 Another in my stead had gain'd. Our troops,  
 Collected from each various Grecian realm,  
 Are in this port bound by an envious calm.  
 [5] But after hesitating long, the Seer  
 Calchas this dreadful oracle pronounc'd,  
 That Iphigenia must be offer'd up  
 In sacrifice to Dian, who these fields  
 Inhabits, that our fleet shall sail auspicious  
 And conquer Troy, these bloody rites perform'd,  
 But fail if we neglect them: such response

his being only nine years of age, by his Mother Thetis, who foresaw his perishing in the war against Troy.

[5] The expression *απορία κίχνηστος* rendered by Barnes, cum valde angeretur animo, is more literally translated in the old version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, usus hæsitationis. Carmelli, in his note, explains it, quid agendum esset pendens animi. In the tale forged by Sinon in Virgil, the account of the reluctance shewn by Calchas to direct a human victim to be slain at the altar, so nearly resembles what is here said of him that it strikes me as probably suggested by the words here made use of, Ulysses being also there privy to the transaction.

Bis quinos flet ille dies: tectusque recusat

Prodere voce suâ quemquam aut opponere morti.

Æn. l. ii. v. 126.

Unexceptionable as the text appears, and tho' we hear of no manuscript that dissents from this reading, which is that of Aldus and Barnes, not to mention a catalogue of other editors, Reiskius proposes altering *απορία* into *απυρία*, Hemsterhusius substitutes *κίχνηστος* for *κίχνηστος*; and Heath, Markland, and Dr. Musgrave prefer *κίχνηστος*; but I am not able to discover any reason they have for wishing to change the text.

Soon as I heard, Talthybius I injoin'd  
 By proclamation to disband the host,  
 Resolving that I never would permit  
 My Daughter to be slain; till me at length  
 By every argument my Brother won  
 To undertake an office most abhorr'd.  
 I wrote, and to my Wife dispatch'd the scroll,  
 That hither, as Achilles' destin'd Bride,  
 Our Daughter she should send: I of his rank  
 Full highly spoke, and said, he would not join  
 The fleet, unless a Consort of our lineage  
 Were borne to Phthia. These persuasive words  
 I to my Wife address'd: the virgin's nuptials  
 Are but a fiction craftily devis'd.  
 Calchas alone, of all the Grecian host,  
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself,  
 Know the true fact. My unadvis'd decrees  
 Are justly countermanded in this letter  
 Which thou beheld'st me, 'midst the gloom of night,  
 Opening and folding up again. But go,  
 And take it hence to Argos: the contents,  
 Yet unreveal'd, in words will I explain  
 To thee at large, because, thou to my Wife,  
 And th' interests of my house, still faithful prov'st.

A T T E N D A N T.

Inform me what they are, so shall my tongue  
 Agree with the commissions of my Lord.

A G A M E M N O N.

"After my former letter, I again  
 "To thee, O progeny of Leda, write;  
 "Thy Daughter to Eubœa's winding shores [6],

[6] The Euripus was so narrow in the part where it separated Aulis, which is situated in the province of Bœotia, from Chalcid in the island of Eubœa, that we find mention made by Strabo, of

# 98. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

“ And Aulis’ haven send not, we her nuptials  
 “ Will, at a future season, celebrate.”

ATTENDANT,

But, of his promis’d Consort when depriv’d,  
 Will not Achilles instantly burst forth  
 Into a storm of anger against you  
 And Clytemnestra? in this too there lies  
 Much danger: speak your thoughts.

ACHILLES.

With his name only  
 Achilles furnishes us; in the maid  
 He hath no real interest, nor knows aught  
 Of such espousals: to my present schemes  
 An utter stranger, never hath he heard  
 How I my Daughter call’d his destin’d Bride [7],  
 Pretending to consign her to his arms.

a bridge of communication being there thrown over it. The Chorus indeed in the ensuing Ode represent themselves as having passed by water from Chalcis to Aulis. In the transposition of the two lines spoken by the Attendant, and throwing the contents of the letter into one continued speech, I have obeyed the directions of Reiskius, Markland, and Musgrave,

[7] “ From this form of speech we learn, that after such giving his Daughter the name of her intended husband, she would no longer be called simply Iphigenia, but Achilles’s Iphigenia. Penelope, in Ovid’s Epistles, refers to this custom.

“ Tua sum tua dicar oportet;

“ Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.”

Still am I yours, and this distinction claim,  
 Still to be call’d by your illustrious name,  
 And to the latest period of my life,  
 Remain Penelope Ulysses wife.

Mr. Markland, from whom I have extracted the above, proceeds with a variety of other instances, some of which seem apposite to the purpose, and others utterly foreign from it, particularly Κλεισθένης: Ἀγαρίστη from Herodotus, l. vi. 131 which there evidently means Agarista, the Daughter, and not the affianced Bride or Wife of Cleisthenes.

# IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 99

A T T E N D A N T.

Most shocking was *his* enterprise, O King,  
Having pronounc'd her thus the future Wife  
Of Thetis' Son, your Daughter to these shores  
A victim for the Greeks, would you have brought.

A G A M E M N O N.

Alas! I was not in my perfect mind.  
The snares of fate entangle me: but hence  
Proceed with active step, nor let old age  
Retard thy journey.

A T T E N D A N T.

O my Lord, I haste.

A G A M E M N O N.

Where groves o'erhang the fountains, sit not down,  
Nor yield incautious to bewitching Sleep.

A T T E N D A N T.

Forbear that word ill-omen'd. [8]

[8] Sleep being considered by the ancients as the Brother of Death, according to Homer,

Εὖθ' ὕπνῳ συμῶλῳ, κασιγνήτῳ θανάτῳ. Il. xiv. v. 231.

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep. POPE.  
In like manner among the forms which Æneus meets with in Virgil at his entrance on the infernal regions are

Lethumque, laborque,

Tum consanguineus Lethi soror. Æn. l. vi. v. 278.

Here toils and Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.

DRYDEN.

In Hesiod's Generation of the God's, Death and Sleep are represented as having Night for their Mother without any Father.

Νυξ δ' ἔτεκε συγγενὸν τε Μορὸν, καὶ περὰ μελαιναν,

Καὶ θάνατον, τέκε δ' ὕπνον, ἐκείνη δὲ φύλον αἰετῶν,

Οὐλιν κοιμηθεῖσα θεὰ τέκε Νυξ ἑρδῆσιν. Theog. v. ccxi.

Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove

Without the knowledge of connubial love.

From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,

Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams derive their date.

K 2

COOK.

# 100 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS

AGAMEMNON.

As thou tread'st  
Where the roads separate, watchfully observe  
On rapid axle left a car whirl by,  
And bear my Daughter to the Grecian fleet.

ATTENDANT.

This shall be done.

AGAMEMNON.

Away, and if thou meet  
Their chariot, seize the reins, and send them back  
To those fam'd cities which the Cyclops rear'd.

ATTENDANT.

But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,  
Or with your Daughter or the royal Dame?

AGAMEMNON.

The seals which on that letter I have stamp'd,  
Preserve unbroken. Go, for Morn lights up  
Her torch already, and Hyperion's steeds  
Breathe fire. Assist my toils. Unmingled bliss  
No mortal for his portion hath obtain'd:  
He who ne'er tasted grief is yet unborn. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. I.

To Aulis' sandy coast I steer'd my way,  
Thro' Euripus' billowy straits  
Which separate from this winding bay  
Chalcis, my native city, to whose gates  
Diffusing riches o'er the genial soil,

[9] Fam'd *Arethuse* conducts her spring,  
 And hastes her tributary waves to bring  
 To the dread ruler of the main :  
 That I might see you host o'erspread the plain,  
 And the stout sailors with obdurate toil,  
 The tough oar plying, and unfurl'd each sail,  
 The Demigods of Greece convey :  
 Our Husbands tell, in gallant pride  
 A thousand vessels plow the azure tide ;  
 Brave Menelaus sheath'd in mail,  
 And Agamemnon, o'er the watery way  
 For Troy conduct them, Helen to regain,  
 From Eurotas' reedy plain  
 Whom Paris bore, a gift the Queen of Love  
 Promis'd, when at the fount she strove  
 With Juno and Minerva, where her eyes  
 The golden apple won, superior beauty's prize.

I. 2.

With victims strewn, I pass'd Diana's grove,  
 Blushes ting'd my glowing cheek,  
 But youthful ardor bid me rove,  
 A new and wondrous spectacle to seek,  
 The camp intrench'd, the tents, and numerous steeds.  
 Two social Chiefs, each Ajax, there  
 My eyes beheld, this brave Oileus' heir,  
 That drew from Telamon his birth ;  
 The pride of Salamis, his parent earth,  
 Protefilaus too ; in flowery meads  
 [10] Sporting with sculptur'd dice the warriors lay ;

[9] Thus likewise Pliny : *Eubœa fonte Arethusæ nobilis.*  
*Nat. Hist. l. iv. c. 21.*

[10] The word *Παισας*, which likewise occurs in the *Medea*,  
 v. 68, and the *Suppliants*, v. 409. has been productive of much  
 controversy and various interpretations, some rendering it *Dice*,  
 and others *Chefs*. In the first book of Homer's *Odyssey*, the  
 K 3



Then Palamedes, Nauplius Son  
 Of Neptune was his Sire, and near  
 Whirling a quoit did Diomede appear :  
 Astonish'd multitudes survey  
 Meriones, far fam'd for trophies won,  
 Who from the God of war his lineage boasts ;  
 And from the wave encircled coasts  
 Of Ithaca, for mountains steep renown'd,  
 Laertes' Son in arms was found,  
 Accompanied by Nireus to the field,  
 [11] To whose engaging form each Grecian Chief  
 must yield.

suitors of Penelope are represented as playing at this game. The explanatory terms made use of by the Scholiast are *Κυβοι* and *Ψηφοι* : Pope translates *Chess*, and refers us to Athenæus, who has preserved a very circumstantial account of the manner in which Apion the Grammarian relates that Cteson an inhabitant of Ithaca informed him, that the suitors played at this game, which appears to be of a distinct species from either *Dice* or *Chess*. Herodotus asserts, that the Lydians, in the reign of Atys son of Manes, were the discoverers *των κυβων και των αστραγαλων και της σφαιρης*, and every other species of games except *των Πισσων*, the invention of which is unanimously ascribed to Palamedes at the siege of Troy. The reader, who is curious in these matters, will find the subject largely discussed by Eustathius, p. 1396, ed. Romæ 1550 ; and Meursius in his treatise de Ludis Græcorum. Freret in the Académie des inscriptions, v. 5. hist. p. 252, asserts, that the Game of Chess was unknown till the fifth century, and originated from an Indian Bramin : the circumstance which strikes me as giving a decisive weight to this account is, that *Ζατρικιον*, the Greek word for Chess, said to be derived from the Persian language, is unknown to the more ancient writers and lexicographers, but occurs in the Scholia to Theocritus' Idyll. vi. v. 18. Meursius Glossarium Græco-Barbarum, et Du Cange Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Græcitatæ.

[11] This Ode being in a great measure borrowed from the catalogue of the Grecian fleet in the second book of the Iliad :

## I. 3.

Achilles too I saw, whose agile feet  
 Equal'd in their career the passing wind; [mind.  
 Him Thetis bore, and Chiron form'd his generous  
 Close by the shore where lay the anchor'd fleet,  
 Array'd in arms, he strove with rapid pace  
 From rapid steeds to win the race.  
 But with loud shouts Eumelus whirl'd along, [12]  
 Four courfers graceful to behold,  
 Caparison'd with studded gold

the beauty of Nireus, on which Homer so much expatiates, naturally claims a place for him in this account of the Heroes, given by the Dames of Chalcis, who form the Chorus, notwithstanding

*Αλαπαδιος εη, Παιρος δε οι επλειο λαος.*

Few his troops, and small his strength in arms. POPE.

In the sixth book of Quintus Calaber, Nireus falls by the spear of Eurypylus. It may seem extraordinary that the Tragic Poet should thus join Ulysses and Nireus, two persons of manners as unsuitable to each other, as the islands over which they reigned were remote; Symm, whence Homer mentions Nireus bringing three ships, and of which Diodorus Siculus also informs us he was King, being, according to Strabo, one of those islands which are at no great distance from the coast of Caria, with the main continent of Greece, and large tracts of ocean between that and Ithaca. In Homer, Ulysses commands twelve ships. Il. i. xii. v. 631—637.

[12] Homer gives Eumelus two mares whose superior speed to any horses in the Grecian camp is celebrated Il. i. ii. v. 763—767; and in the Chariot race, at the funeral games of Patroclus, they are on the point of obtaining him the prize, when he is thrown from his seat by Minerva, who favours his competitor Diomedes: Eumelus brings eleven ships from Phereia, mentioned v. 711—715, among the catalogue of the Grecian forces. That the reader may not be interrupted with a note to every sentence, I here proceed with my references to the second book of the Iliad, where the Myrmidons in fifty ships commanded by Achilles are mentioned v. 681—685; the division from Argos, over which Diomedes is first in command, Sthenelus second, and Eurypylus

## 154 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Onward he drove, and wav'd his lengthen'd thong ;  
 White spots adorn'd the two that bore the yoke,  
 Two more abreast, in slighter harness wheel'd  
 The gliding car, which scarce impress'd the field ;  
 Their solid hoofs with oft repeated stroke  
 Dash'd on ; yet they obey'd the reins,  
 Dappled their legs, flame-colour'd were their manes,  
 Yet could not speed like theirs avail  
 T' outstrip Pelides, with unwearied force  
 Hard by the spokes he held his course,  
 Tho' cas'd in cumbrous mail.

third, consists of eighty ships, v. 559—568 ; the ships of Athens *here* commanded by the Son of Theseus (either Acamas or Demophoon) instead of sixty, are fifty, under Menestheus, whose reign, though its duration was more than twenty years, we find (as I have had occasion to mention in a note on the Hecuba, and as appears more fully from the Tragedy entitled The Children of Hercules) is entirely passed over by Euripides, who makes Acamas and Demophoon the immediate successors of their Father Theseus, v. 546—556 ; the fifty ships of the Boeotians under Peneleus, Leitus, and three other Chiefs, have 120 warriors in each, v. 495—510 ; the Phocians (who are here but just mentioned) have forty ships commanded by Schedius and Epistrophus, v. 517—526 ; the Locrians the same number, under Ajax Oileus, v. 527—535 ; the division from Mycene, an hundred, commanded by Agamemnon himself, v. 569—580 ; from Pylos and other parts of Messenia 90 under Nestor, v. 590—602 ; instead of twelve, Homer mentions twenty-two ships from Ænia in Thessaly and the regions bordering on Dodona in Epirus, commanded by Guneus, v. 748—755 ; the troops of Elis (sometimes called Epeans, from one of their kings Epeus, Son of Endymion, mentioned by Pausanias in the commencement of his fifth book) came in forty ships under four leaders, one of them Tharpinus the Son of Eurytus ; the same number from the islands called Echinades, situated near the mouth of the river Achelous in Ætolia, under Meges, v. 625—630 ; the twelve ships from Salamis, under Ajax Telamon, v. 557. Only part of the Grecian fleet is *here* mentioned by Euripides, who sometimes does not specify the number of ships, but wherever he does, his list accords in *this respect* with Homer's ; the Tragic Bard having only taken away ten ships from the squadron of the Ænians, in order to add them to that of his countrymen the Athenians.

## II. 1.

Then onward to their numerous ships I came,  
 Stupendous objects, with delight  
 Each spectator to inflame,  
 And strike a wondering female's dazzled sight.  
 With fifty barks, were plac'd in the right wing  
 The Myrmidons from Phthia's land :  
 On each high poop, the sculptor's mimic hand  
 In golden imagery express'd  
 A lovely Nereid in cerulean vest.  
 Achilles' dauntless troops these ensigns bring.  
 Next stood the Argive fleet, whose numerous bands  
 Of Sailors plied the dashing oar,  
 'Twas by Mecisteus' offspring led  
 Euryalus, his Grandfire Talaus bred  
 The stripling, and that high command,  
 With him fierce Sthenelus united bore.  
 The Son of Theseus from th' Athenian strand,  
 With sixty barks for combat mann'd  
 Near these was station'd ; on each burnish'd car  
 Seen from the lofty deck afar,  
 Auspicious sign to guard them from the storm ;  
 The Mariners revere Minerva's pictur'd form.

## II. 2.

Full fifty ships, I saw, Bæotia's fleet,  
 With victorious ensigns grac'd,  
 The dragon stretcht at Cadmus' feet,  
 Emboss'd in gold, on every beak was plac'd,  
 O'er these did earth-born Leitus hold command  
 But the next barks from Phocis came.  
 With equal numbers bearing Locris' name  
 Oileus' offspring Ajax join'd  
 The fleet, and left sam'd Thronium's walls behind :  
 But Agamemnon, with a mightier band,

## 106 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Mycene by the Cyclops rear'd, forsook,  
 An hundred sail the Monarch brought,  
 [13] His steps Adrastus did attend,  
 And with the zealous courage of a friend  
 The general's arduous post partook;  
 Thro' Greece, with unremitting ardor fraught,  
 He urg'd each warrior to pursue the Dame  
 Who yielded to a foreign flame,  
 And from her bridal mansions basely fled.

[13] Commentators have varied greatly in their explanations of this passage. Some think Adrastus, King of Argos, and afterwards of Sicyon, is here introduced thro' a poetical licence, though his death was previous to the siege of Troy. In Barnes's version we find Adrastus haud fugiturus Menelaus; and Mr. Markland concurs in supposing *Ἀδραστός* to mean that Hero: but I rather apprehend *ὡς φίλος φίλῳ* to denote the person here mentioned to have been a subject of Agamemnon, whom he admitted to the familiarity of a friend; nor is it probable, that any confederate Sovereign should be described as his assistant in marshalling that particular division of the fleet which attended him from Mycene, and least of all his Brother, Menelaus, who, as Homer informs us, launched a separate squadron of 60 ships from his own Spartan dominions. Upon the whole, I can discover no sufficient motive for either altering, or putting a forced construction on the ancient reading; by raising up the manes of the Dead. This Adrastus, I grant, is not to be found in Homer; nor is it material to our present enquiry, whether he is wholly passed over as a person in a subordinate station, who performed no memorable atchievement, or whether he died, or like Proteusilaus and many others were slain by the enemy, in the course of those nine years, which intervened from the rendezvous of the fleet at Aulis, to the last year of the Trojan war, at which period of time the Iliad opens. Since I wrote the above, I have consulted the note on this passage in the new edition of Euripides, published by Dr. Musgrave; who, with great probability, supposes the Adrastus here spoken of to be the son of Polynices, mentioned by Pausanias, who had an hereditary claim by his Mother's side to the kingdom of Argos, and interprets *ὡς φίλος φίλῳ* his waving all private enmity in support of the general cause of his country.

# IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 107

With aged Nestor at their head  
The barks of Pylos full in sight display'd  
Alphens, with cloven hoofs, on every poop convey'd.

## II. 3.

Twelve vessels Ænia furnish'd, and its King  
Guneus presided : Elis' sons next came,  
Whom from their antient Lord the crowd Epeans name,  
Them to the war did stern Eurytus bring.  
From the Echinades to Aulis' shores  
The Taphians plied their lighter oars,  
Meges commanded, who from Phyleus springs,  
On their inhospitable strand  
No mariner pretumes to land.  
Closing the space between the marshall'd wings,  
Ajax, the prince of Salamis, appear'd,  
In twelve swift barks, conspicuous to our view,  
His sailors I observ'd a dauntless crew :  
'The ship, by a barbarian pilot steer'd  
To grapple with such foes, no more  
Shall ever homeward ply the dashing oar.  
Hail, Aulis, from whose sandy plain  
These eyes delighted saw the naval host ;  
Th' encampment on thy peopled coast  
My memory shall retain.

## MENELAUS, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT [*to Menelaus, who is forcing  
the Letters from him.*]

Such daring violence, such open wrong,  
Ecomes not Menelaus.

## MENELAUS.

Slave, depart ;  
Thou carry'st thy fidelity too far.

108 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

A T T E N D A N T.

Reproaches on so glorious an account  
But do me honour.

M E N E L A U S.

Soon shalt thou repent,  
If thou presume to act a part ill-suited  
To thy low rank.

A T T E N D A N T.

You ought not to have open'd  
The letter I convey.

M E N E L A U S.

Nor thou to have borne  
That scroll with mischiefs fraught to every Greek.

A T T E N D A N T.

Debate that point hereafter, and release it.

M E N E L A U S.

I will not quit my hold.

A T T E N D A N T.

Nor will I meanly  
Surrender up my trust.

M E N E L A U S.

This sceptre soon  
Shall with thy blood defile that hoary head.

A T T E N D A N T.

To perish in the service of my Lord  
Were sure an honourable death.

M E N E L A U S.

Let go :  
Slave as thou art, presum'st thou to harangue ?

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 109

ATTENDANT.

My royal Master, I am wrong'd; thy letter  
He from my hands hath wrested, nor will act  
As justice dictates.

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ATTENDANT,  
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

What tumultuous sounds  
Burst thro' the gates, what unbecoming words?

ATTENDANT.

My tale, not his, your first attention claims.

AGAMEMNON.

Say, Menelaus, whence this struggle rose?  
Why didst thou drag him forcibly along?  
[Exit Attendant.

MENELAUS, *holding up the Letter.*

Look upon me: to what I shall unfold,  
This is the prelude.

AGAMEMNON.

Shall not Atreus' son  
Open his eyes without dismay?

MENELAUS.

Behold you  
These characters subservient to designs  
Most infamous?

AGAMEMNON.

I see; but first restore  
The letter.

L



# no IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

M E N E L A U S.

Not till I its foul contents  
To every Grecian leader have display'd.

A G A M E M N O N.

What! wert thou mean enough to break the seal,  
And thence discover what thou should'st not know?

M E N E L A U S.

These secret machinations, to your sorrow,  
Have I detected.

A G A M E M N O N.

Tell me how thou cam'st  
To intercept my letter? O ye Gods,  
What shameless treachery in thy soul is lodg'd!

M E N E L A U S.

I waited for your Daughter to arrive  
From Argos at the camp.

A G A M E M N O N.

Why should'st thou watch  
Aught that is mine? betray not these proceedings  
A want of decency?

M E N E L A U S.

Because my will  
Did instigate; because I am no slave  
To your behests.

A G A M E M N O N.

Are not these outrages  
Most daring? shall not I in my own house  
Be suffer'd to bear rule?

M E N E L A U S.

Your crooked schemes  
This present moment vary from the last,  
And at the next as suddenly will change.

## AGAMEMNON.

Thou shew'st thy skill : yet is there nought more  
Than the vile sophister's insidious tongue. [hateful

## MENELEUS.

The soul that wavers is devoid of justice,  
And not to be relied on by our friends.  
I would convince you ; in your wrath reject not  
Th' unwelcome voice of truth. I cannot flatter.  
Full well you know when eagerly you sought  
To be the general of the Grecian troops  
And lead them on for Troy, you in appearance  
Declining what you wish'd for, humbly squeez'd  
The meanest of the people by the hand,  
Your doors were open'd wide for all who chose  
To enter, and to each you in his turn  
With courtesy gave audience, ev'n the man  
Who would have wav'd such honour, while you strove  
To render that authority your own.  
[14] Which yet was undispos'd of. Having gain'd  
This point, your manners instantly you chang'd,  
And to your former friends no longer shew'd  
Th' attachment you so lately had profess'd,  
Hard of access, and seldom to be found  
At home. But when in highest stations plac'd,  
An alter'd carriage ill befits the man

[14] The phrase *in praeconio*, which Barnes and Dr. Musgrave have rendered a vulgo, is in Mr. Markland's version *quod in medio jacebat*. The meaning seems to be the same with that given by the interpreters to *communis* in Horace, where he says in his *Art of Poetry*, *difficile est. propriè communia dicere*, by which they understand the difficulty of writing on a *new* subject, or what lies open to all men and is yet unappropriated: as was the case with the command in chief of the Grecian forces on their first assembling, each squadron being led by the King or General of an independent state.

## 112 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Of real virtue : to his friends he ought  
 To be most steadfast, when effectual means  
 Of aiding them his prosperous fortune yields.  
 My censure, with the faults I first perceiv'd  
 In you, have I begun ; but since you came  
 To Aulis with th' assembled troops of Greece,  
 You shrunk to nothing : Heaven's impending wrath  
 With consternation fill'd you ; prosperous gales  
 Arose not : the impatient host exclaim'd ;  
 " Disband the fleet, nor linger here in vain."  
 What grief and what confusion did those eyes  
 Express, as if depriv'd of your command  
 Over a thousand ships, ere you have cover'd  
 The fields of Priam with avenging troops !  
 To me you then applied ; " how shall I act,  
 " What scheme devise ?" lest stripp'd of such high  
 rank,

You with your power should forfeit all renown.  
 Since Calchas at the holy rites declar'd  
 Your daughter to Diana must be given  
 In sacrifice, that on these terms, the host  
 A favourable voyage would await,  
 With joy you promis'd of your own accord  
 To offer up the victim, and dismiss'd  
 A messenger (pretend not to allege  
 'Twas thro' constraint) your Consort to direct  
 To send the Virgin hither, on pretence  
 That she shall wed Achilles. Now you change  
 Your purpose, and in secrecy dispatch  
 Another letter, that on no pretence  
 Will you your Daughter at the altar slay.  
 Witness thou conscious air, for sure thou heard'st  
 These inconsistencies. Too many act  
 As you have done, in labouring to obtain  
 Authority, with meanness then recoil ;  
 Some, by the judgment of a foolish crowd,

By their own conscience, others, sway'd, who prove  
Too feeble to maintain the public weal.  
But chiefly I lament the woes of Greece  
Who nobly aiming at a great revenge  
'Gainst those Barbarians, leaves the slaves to scoff  
At our repulse: this shame she owes to you,  
And to your Daughter. Kindred ties alone  
With me shall ne'er prevail when I appoint  
The ruler of a city or the chief  
Entrusted with the conduct of an host,  
A general should be eminently wise:  
Men of superior intellects were born  
To govern.

C H O R U S.

O how dreadful are their fends  
When brothers fir'd with mutual rage contend!

A G A M E M N O N.

I, too, 'gainst thee will utter my complaints  
In terms concise and guarded, not replete  
With impudence, but sage fraternal love.  
For a base man is wont to have no sense  
Of honest shame. What means that furious look,  
Why glare those blood-stain'd eyes? who wrongs  
thee? speak  
What are thy wishes? hop'st thou to obtain  
[15] A virtuous Consort? such I cannot give,

[15] The reading of the Aldus edition, *λεχέ' εἶας γὰρ χεῖρας*  
*ἁπλῆς*, has been retained by Henry Stephens, Canterus, Barnes,  
and Dr. Musgrave, either without any variation, or such as is  
immaterial to an English reader: Mr. Markland has, however,  
in the most peremptory manner, dictated an alteration, the truth  
of which betrays, he thinks it impossible to make any doubt of,  
and instead of *εἶας γὰρ χεῖρας*, reads *ἴμα χερσῶν*: the mean-  
ing of the passage thus new modelled is "do you want to have

For she thou hadst was lost thro' thy misconduct:  
 Must I, tho' guiltless, in thy stead be doom'd  
 To suffer? can a Brother's rank offend?  
 Yet seek'st thou to embrace the beauteous Dame,  
 Tho' reason, and tho' honour's voice forbid?  
 The pleasures of the worthless are most vile:  
 If I who judg'd amiss at first, have chang'd  
 On thoughts mature my purpose, am I frantic?  
 Thou rather, who hast lost a faithless Wife,  
 And would'st bring back the pest which Heav'n  
 remov'd,

The Suitors, that insensate amorous train,  
 Engag'd themselves to Tyndarus by an oath:  
 But Hope became their Goddess; she, I deem,  
 Had more effect on their deluded souls  
 Than all thy interest, or thy vaunted power.  
 Collect this troop, and issue to the field;  
 Where, of thy folly soon am I convinc'd  
 Thou the effects wilt feel. For sure the Gods

"my Wife?" not a single manuscript is cited in its support; scripturæ vestigia, which he mentions in his note, seems too vague an expression, and no such traces do we meet with in any other editor. Were such reading to be adopted, I greatly question whether the Tragic Muse, in any age or country whatever could furnish us with a more striking breach of Horace's precept,

Nec quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur Heros  
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,  
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

"Who lately shone a Hero or a God,

"Array'd in purple robes and royal gold,

"Shall not adopt the language of the stew." *DUNCOMB.*

The faults of Agamemnon's character, as drawn by Homer and the three great Tragic Poets of Greece, are perhaps as conspicuous as his virtues, but they are not defects of that nature as to reduce him to a level with the Kings of Lucian and Scarron, or afford any sanction to the Critics, who introduce him holding such language as is suited only to old Silenus, or the drunken monster Polypheme.

[16] Are not devoid of wisdom, but perceive  
 What oaths are lawless and by force extorted.  
 Altho' thy interests may require such breach  
 Of justice, I my children will not slay,  
 To aid thee in thy vengeance for the loss  
 Of an abandon'd Wife. By night, by day,  
 How should I pine; how melt away in tears,  
 After a deed thus impious against those  
 Whom I begot! The words I use are few,  
 Clear and explicit. If thou wilt not judge  
 Aright, my firm resolves I shall maintain.

CHORUS.

This and your former language disagrees,  
 Yet sure 'twere right our children's lives to spare.

MENELAUS.

Have I no friends? wretch that I am!

AGAMEMNON.

Thou hast,  
 When thou those friends attempt'st not to destroy.

MENELAUS.

How will you prove that from one fire we sprung?

AGAMEMNON.

In wisdom would I sympathize with thee,  
 But not in madness.

[16] In adding the line *Οὐ γὰρ ἀσυνέλον το θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἐχέει συνέλον*, preserved in the writing of Theophilus of Antioch, and Stobæus Tit. 28. I have followed the directions of Heath and Dr. Muirgrave; the many conjectural alterations of the latter in this speech being of a more questionable nature, I do not presume to interfere with them, but endeavour to translate, in the best manner I am able, what I apprehend from the concurrence of Aldus and Barnes to be the more genuine text.

MENELAUS.

Friends are bound to share  
Their friends' afflictions.

AGAMEMNON.

When by me thou art  
A generous part, remind me of those duties,  
Not when thou grieve'st my soul.

MENELAUS.

Are you then loth  
To join with Greece in these her common toils?

AGAMEMNON.

Greece hath been stricken by some envious God:  
Her frenzy equals thine.

MENELAUS.

In sceptred pomp  
You now exult, nor scruple to betray  
A brother's cause: but I will have recourse  
To other stratagems and other friends.

MESSENGER, AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS,  
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Agamemnon, monarch of all Greece,  
To introduce that Daughter am I come,  
On whom you in your palace erst bestow'd  
The name of Iphigenia: she arrives  
Accompanied by her illustrious mother  
Your Consort Clytemnestra and your son  
Orestes. With what pleasure will ye meet  
After so long an absence! having finish'd.

Their tedious journey, at the limpid fount  
 They lave their wearied limbs; but we have loos'd  
 The bridles of their steeds, that they may graze  
 Over the verdant mead. But to acquaint you  
 With their approach was I sent on before,  
 For the troops know already: fame hath spread  
 Thro' the whole camp glad tidings, that your Daughter  
 Is come: the host, with a tumultuous haste,  
 Assemble to behold the royal maid.

The blast are as a public mark expos'd  
 To wonder and renown. But some enquire,  
 "Is she espous'd, or what are their designs?"  
 "Impatient for a sight of his lov'd daughter,  
 "Did Agamemnon, our illustrious king,  
 "Send messengers to fetch her?" others cry;  
 "For her ere Hymen waves his kindled torch;  
 "They to Diana, who in Aulis reigns,  
 "Present the Nymph: to whom shall she be join'd  
 "In wedlock?" for th' initiatory rites  
 Bring canisters, and crown your heads with flowers.  
 Be it thy care to arrange the bridal pomp,  
 O Menelaus, let the chearing flute  
 Thro' each apartment sound, and dancers move  
 Their active feet; for with its orient light  
 This morn auspicious to the virgin dawns.

## A G A M E M N O N.

'Tis well. But O retire: for all beside,  
 If fate befriend, will we conduct aright.

*Exit Messengers*

What shall I say? ah miserable me!

[17] With thine own woes, thou wretch, thy plaints  
 How am I shackled by the galling yoke [begin.

[17] The following passage in the Hecuba, *μαυρὴν λήγον  
 λήγοντα σε, Εκαβή* v. 735. is a mode of speaking similar to  
 what the Poet here makes use of, and the context clearly shews



# 118 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Of dire necessity ! o'er all my craft  
 Fortune with mightier wisdom hath prevail'd.  
 But what a privilege belongs to those  
 Of humbler stations ! they with freedom weep,  
 And speak of their afflictions : but the man  
 Whose birth is noble, feels at once the weight  
 Of all these evils : thro' each stage of life  
 Aw'd by the voice of others, we are slaves  
 To a vile rabble. Shame withholds the tear  
 Just starting from these eyes ; again o'erwhelm'd  
 With griefs unnumber'd, blush I that my mourning  
 Is thus conceal'd. Enough : but in what terms  
 Shall I accost, or how receive my Wife,  
 How teach these eyes to greet her ? for she adds  
 To those afflictions I already feel,  
 By coming uninvited : yet 'tis just  
 That she a much-lov'd Daughter should attend,  
 At her espousals, and consign the maid  
 To a fond bridegroom's arms : but here alas,  
 She my perfidious conduct will discern.  
 As for this wretched Virgin (but why call  
 The destin'd Wife of Pluto by that name ?)  
 How do I pity her ! methinks I hear  
 The suppliant uttering these reproachful words,  
 " O Father, wilt thou kill me ? may thyself,  
 [18] " May they thou lov'st experience such espou-  
 Meantime Orestes, by his Sister's side, [sals."

that Agamemnon, according to Carmelli's interpretation, speaks of himself by the term *σὸς*. It is necessary to premise thus much in support of the genuine text ; as Grotius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, have all four attempted to undermine it by their conjectural alterations.

[18] Alluding to the fate of Agamemnon and his concubine Cassandra, which is predicted more at large, with all its concomitant circumstances of horror, in the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, v. 1116—1334, the *Trojan Captives* of our Author, v. 357—362. 445—461 and the *Lycophron*, v. 1099—1119, by the inspired Cassandra herself.

With inarticulate expressive notes,  
 For he is yet an infant, shall exclaim.  
 How did the Son of Priam, Paris, cause  
 My ruin, for his Bride when he presum'd  
 To seize on Helen ! thence these woes I date.

## C H O R U S.

Such pity, as from foreign Dames is due  
 To the afflictions of a King, I feel.

## M E N E L A U S.

Give me your hand, O Brother.

## A G A M E M N O N.

Take my hand ;  
 For I submit : thou triumph'st ; but my lot  
 Is misery.

## M E N E L A U S.

By our common Grandfire's shade,  
 I swear, by mighty Pelops, and by Atreus  
 Our Father, that to you I in plain terms,  
 The real dictates of my heart will speak,  
 And banish all disguise. When I beheld  
 Your streaming tears, compassion bade me weep,  
 And change my former purpose : now no more  
 A foe, to your opinions I accede,  
 Advise you by no means to take away  
 Your Daughter's life, nor to my interests give  
 Such preference : for 'twere not just that you,  
 While I am blest, should groan, and that your child  
 Should breathe their last, while mine yet view the Sun.  
 What can I wish for ? may not I elsewhere,  
 If wedlock be my purpose, gain a Bride,  
 Selected from the noblest Grecian maids ?  
 But shall I lose a brother justly dear,  
 My treacherous Consort Helen to redeem,  
 And for the wicked thus exchange the good ?  
 As youth and inconsiderate rashness prompt

## 120 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

I acted erst : but take a closer view  
 Of these transactions, and am now convinc'd  
 What horrors wait the murderer of his Children.  
 Again, while pondering on our kindred ties,  
 I feel compassion for this hapless Maid,  
 Who in the cause of my perfidious wife  
 Is doom'd to bleed : for what hath she to do  
 With Helen ? let the host, disbanded, leave  
 These shores of Aulis : but no longer weep,  
 O Brother, and from these fraternal eyes  
 Cease to call forth the sympathising tear.  
 If the responses of the Gods, which claim  
 Your Daughter's life, affect you, let not me  
 In these have any share ; for I, to save  
 The Virgin, my own interests will forego :  
 But anxious to repeal the harsh decree,  
 Am I affected by a virtuous cause,  
 And to a natural love for him who springs  
 From the same Father owe this sudden change:  
 Such is the temper of the man, whose soul  
 No vicious habits warp, he ever yields  
 To the most wise suggestions.

### CHORUS.

Generous words  
 Are these which thou hast spoken, and most worthy  
 Of Tantalus, Jove's Son : thou wilt not shame  
 Thy great progenitors.

### AGAMEMNON.

O Menelaus,  
 I praise thee ; the concessions thou hast made  
 Transcend my expectations, they become  
 A Brother.

### MENELAUS.

Love and Avarice have dissolv'd  
 Many fraternal ties : my soul abhors  
 Such bigness 'twixt those of the same house.

AGAMEMNON.

But me in such calamity hath fate  
Involv'd, that my own Daughter I must slay.

MENELAUS.

Why slay her? who can such restraint impose?

AGAMEMNON.

The whole assembled armament of Greece.

MENELAUS.

They cannot, if to Argos you send back [19]  
The host.

AGAMEMNON.

From them, thus far have I conceal'd  
All that hath pass'd: but this I cannot hide.

[19] Brumoy interprets this as spoken of the sending back Iphigenia; and Mr. Markland, whose notes on the two Iphigenias bear strong marks of being written more hastily than those with which he favored the public eight years before on the Suppliants of Euripides, proposes Οἶκος in the stead of Ἀργος, which he harshly calls "absurd:" but Argos, as Dr. Musgrave observes, is here, and in a variety of other places in Euripides, made use of as synonymous with all confederate Greece. In Homer we meet with a still more striking instance of the unrestrained signification of the word Argos, or rather of its being reduced to a mere expletive; Πελασγικὸν Ἀργος, Il. L. ii. v. 681, being the appellation given to the district of Pelasgia in Thessaly: at the same time it is observable, that our Tragic Bard has marked out the city of Argos (which, according to a passage in the Archelaus, preserved among his Fragments, was before the reign of Cadmus inhabited by the Pelasgians, whom Eustathius speaks of as a wandering nation scattered over all Greece) by the very same term of Πελασγικὸν Ἀργος, which occurs both in the Orestes and Phœnissæ.

M

# 122 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

MENELAUS.

What mean you? shrink not thro' immoderate  
Of a base rabble. [fear

AGAMEMNON.

Calchas will unfold  
This oracle to all the Grecian Chiefs.

MENELAUS.

If he die first, he cannot; and with ease  
Might we dispatch him.

AGAMEMNON.

The whole race of Seers  
Are mischievous, and thirst for power.

MENELAUS.

A worthless and unserviceable crew.

AGAMEMNON.

Perceiv'st thou not my thoughts?

MENELAUS.

How should I guess  
What you declare not?

AGAMEMNON.

By the subtle seed [20]  
Of Sisyphus are these responses known.

[20] Some of the ancient writers have asserted, that Anticles was pregnant by Sisyphus at the time of her being given in marriage to Laertes; and accordingly Sophocles in his *Philoctetes*, and Euripides in his *Cyclops*, as well as in the passage before us, call Ulysses the son of that celebrated robber: but when we recollect that Sisyphus was Grandfather to Bellerophon, whose son Hippolychus was father to Glaucus, and his daughter Laodarnis, mother to Sarpedon, two of the heroes who were opposed to Ulysses in the Trojan war; it will perhaps be more reasonable to

# IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 123

MENELAUS.

Ulysses cannot hurt us.

AGAMEMNON.

With each art

And various wile that gains the fickle throng  
Is he endued.

MENELAUS.

Ambition, hateful pest,  
Engrosses his whole soul.

AGAMEMNON.

Think then thou seest him  
Stand up amidst the Grecian host, to publish

conclude, that Ulysses acquired the appellation of *Σεισηθεν* merely from his resemblance to Sisyphus in being *αἰθέρος ἀνδρῶν*, "the swiftest of men;" which is the character Odysseus in Homer gives of his ancestor Sisyphus, *Iliad* L. vi. v. 253. Abbe Banier, struck no doubt with the great distance of the times in which Sisyphus and Ulysses flourished, has in his dissertation on the Argonauts, *Accademie des Inscriptions*, Tom. ix. mem. p. 83, attempted to prove, that he was his Great grandson: but when Ulysses, in the *Odyssey* of Homer, beholds Sisyphus tortured in the infernal regions, he neither attempts to hold any conference with him, nor shews that interest in his sufferings which was due to one of his ancestors, but immediately passes on to Hercules, by whom he is accosted. Indeed the above-mentioned treatise of the French Academician exhibits a pedigree swarming with errors the most obvious: the name of Sisyphus's father is there called Autolychnus, instead of *Eolus*; and Homer's Autolychnus, there distinguished by the title of Autolychnus the second, is said to have been son of Sisyphus and father to Laertes, Ulysses' father; whereas the God Mercury was the reputed father of Autolychnus, who is said by Pausanias to have been in fact, son to one Dædalus; and that Autolychnus was the father not of Laertes, but of Anticles the wife of Laertes and mother of Ulysses, is a fact well known to every man in the least degree conversant with Homer and the mythological writers.

M 2

## 124 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Those oracles which Calchas hath devis'd,  
 And how I rashly promis'd that my Daughter,  
 The victim whom I now refuse, should bleed  
 At Dian's altar : he the troops will rouse  
 To mutiny, and, having slain us both,  
 Bid them bring forth and sacrifice the Virgin.  
 If to the Argive shore I speed my flight,  
 Greece will invade me with confederate strength,  
 O'erthrow those walls the Cyclops rear'd, and lay  
 My country waste. Wretch that I am ! such woes  
 Surround me. To what straits am I now driven  
 By the relentless Gods ! O Menelaus,  
 Prevent one great addition to my pangs,  
 By hastening thro' the ranks, lest Clytemnestra  
 Learn my resolves ere I have offer'd up  
 The maid to Pluto ; wretched tho' I am,  
 Hence I shall spare full many a needless tear.  
 But keep strict secrecy, ye foreign Dames.

*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

## I.

Thrice blest whom Venus warms with temperate fire,  
 Instructing them their transports to controul,  
 Nor pass the limits of chastis'd desire :  
 Wild frenzy triumphs in the human soul,  
 When Cupid with malignant joy,  
 Sends forth his double arrows to destroy ;  
 To make man's life more blest the first hath power,  
 From the same quiver flies in evil hour  
 The second shaft, and gives the deadlier wound :  
 O lovely Goddess, never, never shed  
 Such horrors o'er my peaceful bed,

Let gentle Graces hover round,  
And holy Loves their sheltering pinions spread ;  
Be each too rapturous flame suppress'd,  
While the soft passions glow within my breast.

II.

The genius and the manners of mankind  
Oft vary : Virtue still unchang'd remains ;  
By education's aid, the ductile mind  
At length that great accomplishment obtains.  
By wisdom are her votaries taught  
Humbly to think and act as heroes ought :  
Hence shall their well-earn'd fame in blooming  
Display its laurels unimpair'd by time. [prime  
Just is their title to immortal praise  
Who follow Virtue, she in calm retreat  
Confines her female votaries' feet,  
Whence the forbidden wish ne'er strays :  
But manly souls with warlike ardor beat,  
Tempt each diversifi'd emprise,  
And bid their towering cities reach the skies.

III.

Thou left'st, O Paris, each associate Swain,  
Rear'd with whom midst Ida's grove  
Thy heifers thou didst feed,  
Hymning the wild Barbaric strain,  
While with Olympus strove [21]  
Thy mimic Phrygian reed :

[21] The Olympus here spoken of was a native of Myſia, and a diſciple of the Satyr Marſyas, well known by his unſucceſſful conteſt with Apollo: Ovid introduces him bewailing the diſaſtrous fate of his maſter, with turn quoque *clarus* Olympus; honourable mention is made of him by Plato, Plutarch, and other writers: we moreover learn from Hyginus, that his ſuperior ſkill in playing the flute, obtained him a prize at the games celebrated by Aeſtys ſon of Pelias.



## 126 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

There brows'd thy lowing herds unheeded by,  
 O'er the steep mountain's side,  
 When each rival Deity  
 The palm ordain'd thee to decide ;  
 Hence to Greece thy steps did roam,  
 To Lacedæmon's ivory dome :  
 When Helen met thy piercing eyes,  
 Love's warm suffusion ran thro' every vein,  
 Thou too didst feel the thrilling pain,  
 Aghast with motionless surprise.  
 So Discord rais'd her vengeful hand,  
 And madness fir'd the Grecian land,  
 Ships float, and javelins gleam around,  
 To level Ilion with the ground.

Exalted are the transports of the great :  
 Behold the royal daughter of the King,  
 Fair Iphigenia, my illustrious Queen ! [22]  
 And Clytemnestra of Tyndarean line !  
 Lofty the parent stems from which they rose  
 To such high fortunes : like the Gods supreme  
 They rule this nether world, and on the poor  
 Shower portions of their wealth. Here let us stand ;  
 Prepar'd to greet the Queen, Eubœan nymphs,  
 As from her lofty chariot she descends,  
 And in our hands receive her lest she fall.  
 By your assiduous courtesy remove  
 The fears which Agamemnon's royal Daughter

[22] Here the expression of " my Queen " must be considered as a mere title of respect, and not taken so literally as to imply that Chalcis, or any part of the island of Eubœa, was at that time subject either to Agamemnon or Achilles, to whom the Chorus (mindful of the secrecy enjoined them) here affect to consider Iphigenia as on the point of being married: for we find by Homer, l. ii. v 536—545. that Elephenor, son of Chalcondontes, was at the time of the Trojan war king of Eubœa, from whence he sailed with a squadron of fifty ships under his command.

May haply on her first arrival feel.  
 Nor with confusion nor in clamorous strains,  
 Let us, who are but strangers in the land,  
 Abruptly to these Argive strangers speak.

CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A favourable omen I derive  
 From your benignity, and words whose sound  
 Is most auspicious : hence I entertain  
 Some hope that to blest nuptials I conduct  
 The Virgin. From the car those treasures bring  
 Intended for her dower, and in the tent  
 Deposit carefully : with tender foot  
 And delicate, my Daughter, leave thy seat ;  
 But O receive her in your youthful arms,  
 Descending from the chariot, and for me  
 That I with safety may alight, perform  
 The same kind office : but let others stand  
 Before those coursers whom no words can sooth  
 If startled : lift Orestes from his seat,  
 For he is yet an infant. O my child,  
 By the rough motion of this vehicle  
 Sleep'st thou o'erpower'd ? wake at this lucky hour,  
 Wake to thy Sister's hymeneal rites.  
 For by affinity, thou nobly born  
 Wilt be connected with a mighty kinsman,  
 The Son of Thetis equal to the Gods.  
 My Daughter, now draw near, and take thy place,  
 O Iphigenia, at thy mother's feet,  
 That there thou to these foreign dames may'st shew  
 How great my happiness. But hither comes.  
 Thy much lov'd Sire ; accost him.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I run,  
 (My Mother, be not angry at the question)  
 And clasp my Father to this throbbing breast?

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHI-  
 GENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Agamemnon, my much honour'd lord,  
 We come obedient to your high behest.

IPHIGENIA.

With eager step at length I fain would rush  
 And throw these arms around my dearest Sire,  
 For what I wish for is the sight of thee;  
 Let not this raise thy anger.

AGAMEMNON.

O my Child!  
 Indulge these transports: for of all my race  
 To me thou ever hast been most attach'd.

IPHIGENIA.

After a tedious absence, with delight  
 Thee, O my Father, I again behold.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee to thy Father—every word thou speak'st  
 Equally suits us both.

IPHIGENIA.

All hail, my Sire!  
 To fetch me hither was most kindly done:

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I know not whether to assent  
Or contradict thee.

IPHIGENIA.

How disturb'd thou look'st,  
Tho' here thou see'st me at thy own desire.

AGAMEMNON.

A General and a King hath many cares.

IPHIGENIA.

Devote the present hour to me ;—forget  
Each weightier business.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou, and thou alone,  
Art now the object of my anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Clear up that clouded brow then, and with looks  
Of more complacency behold thy Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Trust me, I feel the joy thy presence gives.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet from those eyes why streams the frequent tear ?

AGAMEMNON.

Because our separation must be long.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Sire, I know not what thou mean'st.

AGAMEMNON.

By talking so discreetly on this subject,  
Thou wound'st my soul more deeply.

130 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

I would utter  
The wildest language, could this give thee joy.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I am not able to restrain  
My tongue : yet thy behaviour I commend.

IPHIGENIA.

Stay with thy children, O my Sire, at home.

AGAMEMNON.

There would I stay for ever : but what grieves  
My soul is this, that I have not the power  
Such wishes to effect.

IPHIGENIA.

Curse on the spear  
And Menelaus' sufferings.

AGAMEMNON.

Others first,  
Are they ordain'd to ruin, having prov'd  
My bane already.

IPHIGENIA.

What a length of time,  
Hast thou in Aulis' haven been detain'd !

AGAMEMNON.

There is a something still, which doth prevent  
My sailing hence, with the confederate host.

IPHIGENIA.

O say, where fame relates the Phrygians dwell ?

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 131

AGAMEMNON.

Where would to Heaven that Paris, Priam's son,  
Had ne'er abode.

IPHIGENIA.

When thou thy Daughter leav'st,  
Is thine a distant voyage?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou art bound  
For the same port with thy afflicted Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

Would it were decent for us both to sail  
In the same bark!

AGAMEMNON.

What means this strange request?  
Thou too shalt sail, and have abundant cause  
Nor to forget thy Father.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I take  
This voyage with my Mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON.

Alone, from both thy parents torn by fate.

IPHIGENIA.

Mean'st thou to place me in a foreign realm?

AGAMEMNON.

No more: a bashful virgin must not learn  
All these particulars.

132 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

My Sire, with speed  
Return from Ilion's coast, return triumphant.

AGAMEMNON.

I first must offer up a victim here.

IPHIGENIA.

But it behoves thee to consult the Priests  
Before thou enter on this sacred rite.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou too, for near the lavers thou must stand,  
Shalt know the whole.

IPHIGENIA.

Must I in choral dance,  
With my young comrades, round the altar move ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thy lot, by far more enviable than mine  
I deem, because thou understand'st not aught  
Of what we are transacting. But now enter  
These doors, and to thy virgin train appear  
The kiss thou gav'st, and that right hand, embitter  
Our parting : from thy Sire wilt thou be absent  
For a long season. O ye heaving breasts,  
Ye cheeks, and golden tresses, of what woes  
To us hath Troy and Helen been the source !  
But I can speak no more : for the swift tear,  
E'en while I yet embrace thee, from these eyes  
Forces its way. Retire into the tent.

*Exit Iphigenia.*

O progeny of Leda, I entreat  
Thy pardon, if false tenderness o'ercome  
My better judgment ; now I am bestowing  
Our Daughter on Achilles ; sent indeed

With happy prospects to a distant realm :  
 Yet deeply the parental heart it wounds,  
 When to another house the Sire consigns  
 His children, nurtur'd with incessant care.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not thus insensible, nor prompt  
 To censure you : myself no doubt shall feel  
 An equal pang, with hymeneal rites  
 When from these doors I lead the virgin forth.  
 But custom at this season bids me check  
 My sorrows. I have merely heard the name  
 Of him, to whom our daughter is affianc'd,  
 But wish to learn his country and descent.

## AGAMEMNON.

Beauteous Ægina, from Aëolus sprung.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say to what favour'd mortal or what God  
 Was she in wedlock join'd ?

## AGAMEMNON.

Imperial Jove  
 Compress'd the yielding maid; and was the Sire  
 Of Æacus, Oenone's king. [23]

[23] This island, situated in the Saronian bay, is in Pindar Isthm. Od. 8. v. 45. and Ovid Met. L. 7. v. 472. called Oenopia : but Lycophron, most of the geographical writers, and Pindar himself in three other places, concur with Euripides in giving it the name of Oenone ; it afterwards received that of Ægina, from the Princess here mentioned, and is so called in Homer's catalogue of the Grecian ships, where its troops are included in the Argive division under the command of Diomedes, which seems as if the island no longer remained subject to Peleus after he had left it, in order to establish himself in Thessaly. Strabo represents it as having undergone a variety of revolutions, and mentions the Argives among the nations by whom it was sac-



134 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What son  
Inherited the realms of Æacus?

AGAMEMNON.

Peleus ; and Peleus wedded Nereus' Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To him surrendered by the God her Sire,  
Or did he seize her 'gainst the will of Heaven?

AGAMEMNON.

By Jove himself th' espousals were ordain'd ;  
And he to whom belong'd a Father's right,  
To Peleus gave the Nymph.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where did he wed her ?  
Mid'ft Ocean's waves ?

AGAMEMNON.

On Pelion's sacred cliff  
Where Chiron dwelt.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That mount, which we are told  
The Centaurs' race inhabit ?

cessively inhabited. The questions here asked by Clytemnestra, which relate to the paternal ancestors of Achilles, do not strike me as shewing the inconsistency or want of memory here objected to by Barnes ; as it was very possible for Clytemnestra to have heard that the Goddess Thetis, Daughter of Nereus, was the mother of Achilles, but at the same time to be an utter stranger to the whole history of his father Peleus, and the ancestors of that Monarch.

AGAMEMNON.

There the Gods  
With banquets celebrated Peleus' marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But did his Mother Thetis, or his Sire,  
Train up Achilles?

AGAMEMNON.

[24] Chiron, awful sage,  
Led profligate examples should corrupt him.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chiron was wise; and still more wise the Father,  
Who for his offspring such instructor found.

AGAMEMNON.

Such is the man whom for our Daughter's Husband  
I have mark'd out.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No despicable choice:  
But in what Grecian city doth he dwell?

AGAMEMNON.

Beside Apidanus in Phthia's land.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he the tender virgin thither lead?

[24] Chiron was Son of Saturn and the nymph Philira, one of the Daughters of Oceanus: the God being surprised in this amour by his Wife Rhea, transformed himself into an Horse, and fled with great precipitation; hence proceeded the mixt form of the child. See Apollonius Rhodius, L. 3. v. 1235—1245. and Virgil Geor. L. 3. v. 93. Pausanias, in the nineteenth chapter of his fifth book, writes, that Chiron after his death was found worthy of being received among the Gods.

AGAMEMNON.

Be that the care of him who shall possess her.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May every bliss attend them ! But what day  
Have you appointed for the nuptial rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

When full-orb'd Cynthia darts propitious beams.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Have you yet slain the customary victims  
[25] To her who o'er the genial couch presides ?

AGAMEMNON.

I on this very business am intent ;  
It shall be done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will you the nuptial feast  
Celebrate next ?

AGAMEMNON.

When I have offer'd up  
Such victims as th' immortal Gods require.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But where shall we the womens' banquet hold ?

AGAMEMNON.

Here at the Argive ships.

[25] " Clytemnestra means Juno, called Ζῷνις, of whom Apollonius Rhodius in his Argonautics

" Ἦεν τε Ζῷνις Ἄϊος ἑυχίη. L 4. v. 96.

Juno the nuptial Goddess, Wife of Jove.

" The same expression occurs in Nonnus and Dionysius Halicarnassensis." BARNES.

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Well, if we must ;

Yet may it prove auspicious.

AGAMEMNON.

Wife, thou know'st

Thy duty : to my will compliance yield.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What means my Lord ? for I am wont t' obey.

AGAMEMNON.

Myself will to the Bridegroom's arms—

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Shall aught

That might become a Mother to perform,  
Be done without me ?

AGAMEMNON.

'Midst the troops of Greece

Consign the Princess.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where shall I meantime

Be station'd ?

AGAMEMNON.

Go to Argos, and take care  
Of our young virgin race who there remain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving my daughter ? who shall bear the torch ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be mine the welcome office, to illu'n  
Her Hymeneal rite.

N. 3

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No antient usage  
 [26] Gives sanction, and you know 'twould be un-  
 evenly.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee it becomes not freely to converse  
 With the licentious inmates of a camp.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It well becomes a mother to dispose  
 Of her lov'd Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Neither should her Sisters  
 Be left alone at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In their apartment,  
 They strictly are confin'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey.

[26] Without extending our researches any farther than the writings of Euripides, we find much variation in regard to the person by whom the nuptial torch was to be borne: in *Phœnissæ* v. 346, and the Scholiast which I have there quoted, such office is represented as belonging to the mother of the Bridegroon. Clytemnestra here asserts that it suits her best as mother to the Bride. Such employment was unsuited to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, on account of her being a Goddess: but notwithstanding what is here said of ancient custom, we find the nuptial torch borne also by men, for the messenger in the *Helen*, an attendant of Menelaus, v. 728—730, says he now renews the union of Menelaus and Helen, having formerly borne the torch at their espousals: though it is very evident that Leda, Mother to the Bride, was not then dead; as that very Tragedy, v. 135, and 201, mentions her being supposed to have put an end to her own life, through grief at her Daughter's flight with Paris.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Forefend,

Saturnia Queen of Argos. Go, bear rule  
Abroad ; domestic empire shall be mine.  
I will conduct my Daughter's bridal pomp.

*Exit Clytemnestra.*

## AGAMEMNON.

Alas ! in vain I came ; now all my hopes  
Are frustrated. I would have sent my wife  
Far out of sight. Fallacious I devise  
Schemes to impose upon my dearest friends,  
And am in every artifice defeated.  
But now with Calchas, holy Seer, I go  
To search into the curse impos'd on Greece,  
Tho' grateful to Diana, yet to me  
Most inauspicious. Every wise man ought  
To cherish a complying virtuous dame,  
Beneath the nuptial roof, or live unwedded.

*Exit Agamemnon.*

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

## I.

Where Simois' limpid current glides,  
The fleet of Greece shall spread war's loud alarms,  
Fraught with brave chiefs, and with victorious arms :  
Phœbus in vain o'er Ilion's walls presides.  
Where fam'd Cassandra, frantic thro' despair,  
Adorning her dishevel'd hair  
With a verdant laurel wreath,  
In strains prophetic, am I told,  
Doth dark futurity's events unfold,  
As o'er her soul the powers of inspiration breathe.

## II.

Each Phrygian youth shall take his stand,  
 On turrets which o'erlook th' embattled field,  
 Borne o'er the deep; when Mars with brazen shield  
 In barks whose prows menace the hostile strand,  
 As he draws near to their devoted shore,  
 Shall brandish oft the dashing oar,  
 Resolv'd from Priam's realms to bear  
 That sister to the sons of Jove,  
 That Helen, who betray'd her plighted love,  
 Hence Grecian chiefs the targe and vengeful lance  
 prepare.

## III.

The rampir'd fortresses of Troy,  
 Environing with ruthless joy,  
 Shall war's stern God, wide o'er the plain  
 [27] Display the sever'd heads of heroes slain :

[27] This inhuman custom of cutting off the heads of slain enemies in order to bear them on spears as trophies, is frequently mentioned both by the antient Poets and Historians. In Virgil, when the detachment which had been commanded by Volscens joins the rest of the Latian forces in their attack on the Trojan camp, they march up to the trenches with loud shouts, displaying the heads of Nilus and Euryalus: and in Nonnus' Dionysiaca, the God Bacchus drawing up his forces previous to their engagement with the Indians, orders the heads of the foes they had slain to be brought forth and planted on the summit of mount Timolus, as omens of victory,

Δυσμνητων δε καρηνα χερμισταῖς συμβόλα νικης  
 Τρωϊλον εἰς ημεμοενία πεπαρμενα μαρτυρι θοροσφ.

L. 27. p. 272.

Ed. Labini.

La Cerda, in his note on the former of these passages, has collected a multitude of other instances, which it would be superfluous to recite. For the substitution of *παλις*, instead of *πολις* in the next line, we are indebted to Barnes, who is followed by Reiskius, M<sup>r</sup>. Markland and Dr. Mulgrave: Euripides is supposed to refer to the former destruction of Troy by Hercules.

Again that city levell'd with the ground  
 The virgin choir shall wail around,  
 Old Priam's Queen shed deluges of tears,  
 And Helen grieve for having left her lord.  
 Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race  
 Be blasted by such fears  
 As shall the pallid face  
 Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread,  
 Who with the Phrygian matrons in accord  
 Shall utter o'er their looms this lay ;  
 " From the wretched captive's head,  
 " Who comes to shear my braided locks away ;  
 " While I bewail in plaintive strains  
 " The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,  
 " Thro' her who from that bird did spring,  
 " Graceful with towering neck, if fame  
 " A true report convey,  
 " That Jove transform'd became  
 " A Swan, upborn on sounding wing  
 " When Leda yielded to his flame ?  
 " Or haply the fantastic Muse,  
 " From whence these amorous tales began,  
 " Such shameful legend forg'd, with impious views  
 " T' impose on the credulity of man."

## ACHILLES, CHORUS.

## ACHILLES.

Where is the leader of the Grecian host  
 What servant will relate, that here in quest  
 Of him, Achilles, Peleus' son, attends  
 Before the gates ? For in Euripus' gulph  
 On terms unequal is the fleet detain'd ;  
 Some of our countrymen unwedded leave  
 A solitary mansion, on these shores  
 To sit inactive ; others having wives



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[28] Who yet are childless ; not without the will  
Of Heaven, the Greeks have with such zeal equipp'd  
This armament. To speak what justice prompts  
With firmness, is my province : for themselves  
Let others their peculiar wants express.  
I from the regions of Pharsalia come,  
From Peleus' house, and on Euripus' banks  
Waiting for a propitious breeze, restrain  
The Myrmidons, who with incessant plaints  
Assail me ; " O Achilles, on these coasts  
" Why loiter ?" and " How long ere thou direct  
" Thy sails for Troy ? Or instantly attempt  
" Some martial feat, or lead thy Squadrons home,  
" Nor stay for Atreus' dilatory sons ?"

[28] Here the printed text seems by no means to stand in need of Dr. Musgrave's proffer'd assistance : nor can there be any room to doubt that the circumstance of men newly married, leaving their Wives by whom they had not yet any children, is mentioned as an instance of their extraordinary zeal for the cause of their country. Thus, Iphidamas, son of Antenor, is recorded by Homer in the most honourable terms for leaving his Bride in Thrace, and returning home immediately, on hearing, at the very time of his marriage, that the Greeks had invaded Troy ; on his being slain by Agamemnon, the Poet thus celebrates his death :

Ως ο μιν αυθη Πισων Κοιμησατο χαλκιον υπνον  
Οιληρος, απο μνησης αλοχε αροισιν αρηγων,  
Κυριδης ης εβη χαριν ιδε. Il. L. 11. v. 241.

Which is thus beautifully paraphrased by Pope ;  
" Strech'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,  
" And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.  
" Oh worthy better fate ! Oh early slain !  
" Thy country's friend and virtuous, tho' in vain !  
" No more the youth shall join his Confort's side,  
" At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride !"

It is well known from Deuteronomy, Chap. 24. v. 5. which we find farther illustrated by Selden, in his Uxor Heb. L. 3. c. 3. that the Jewish laws exempted a man from all employments, both military and civil, for one year after his marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ACHILLES, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Son of that Goddess who derives her birth  
From Nereus; hearing, as within I sat,  
Your voice, from my apartment I come forth.

ACHILLES.

O sacred modesty! what female form  
Endued with every captivating grace  
Do I behold?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No wonder if you know not  
Me, whom till now your eyes have never seen:  
But I commend the reverence you express  
For modesty.

ACHILLES.

Inform me, who art thou?  
Or why to the assembled host of Greece  
Dost thou a woman come, and mix with troops  
Array'd in glittering mail?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am the Daughter  
Of Leda, Clytemnestra is my name,  
My Husband, Agamemnon, mighty king.

ACHILLES.

All that was needful, well hast thou express'd,  
And with a due conciseness: yet in me  
Unseemly 'twere to parly with a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Strange! wherefore do you fly? with mine unite  
Your hand, blest omen of the future nuptials.

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ACHILLES.

What mean'st thou? Join our hands! I fear the  
Of Agamemnon, with unlicenc'd touch [wrath  
Should I profane his Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis sure allow'd;  
Because, O son of the immortal Thetis,  
My Daughter you so speedily shall wed.

ACHILLES.

Of what espousals talk'st thou? with surprise  
All stupified I stand. Thy reason sure  
Must wander, when this tale thou could'st devise.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How natural at the sight of our new kindred,  
To feel confusion when they mention marriage

ACHILLES.

I never sought thy Daughter for my Bride,  
Nor yet by either of the sons of Atreus  
To me was such alliance e'er propos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What can this mean? while you with wonder start  
At what I say; your words in me create  
The same amazement.

ACHILLES.

Thy conjectures form;  
Our own conjectures we may both indulge:  
For both of us, perhaps, have spoken nought  
But what is truth.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A most atrocious insult  
I have endur'd, have been employ'd it seems  
Thus to propose a mere ideal match,  
That ne'er was meant to take effect : this shames me.

ACHILLES.

Some one hath surely sported with us both :  
But scorn th' imposture, let it not disturb thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Farewell : for I with stedfast eyes can view  
Your face no longer ; I am now become  
A liar, and have suffer'd grievous wrongs.

ACHILLES.

Accept the same farewell : for I in quest  
Of Agamemnon these abodes will enter.

ATTENDANT, ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Grandson of Æacus, O stranger, stay,  
Son of the Goddess, thee I call, and you  
Daughter of Leda.

ACHILLES.

Ha ! who opes the doors  
And in what wild confusion doth he call me !

ATTENDANT.

A servant unpresuming : to my station  
My temper is adapted.

O

A C H I L L E S.

Say to whom

Dost thou belong ; for thou art none of mine,  
And I have no connection with the house  
Of Agamemnon.

A T T E N D A N T.

[29]. To her family  
Before she wedded ; with her, as a gift,  
Her father, Tyndarus, sent me.

A C H I L L E S.

Here I wait :

If thou need aught, speak wherefore thou detain'st me.

A T T E N D A N T.

[30] But are ye two before the gates alone ?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Thou may'st communicate thy thoughts as freely  
As if we were alone : but come thou forth  
From this thy royal master's tent.

[29] As it appears that the Manuscripts vary, I take the middle course between the *τῶδε τῶν* of Aldus and Barnes, and the *τῆδε τῆς* of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by reading *τῆδε τῶν*, and make use of the interpretation given by Reiskius of *παροῖθι οἰκῶν*, by which he understands the ancient family of Clytemnestra or Tyndarus at Sparta.

[30] A variety of situations occur in the ancient drama, such as occasioned Commentators to remind us of the great extent of the Athenian stage, to which our modern theatres bear no proportion, and of those divisions in it which might conceal from sight the performers stationed in a remote part : the reader also must have remarked that at the time of the entrance of this Messenger or Attendant (who, as Mr. Markland observes, is evidently the same person with whom Agamemnon converses in the first scene of this Tragedy, though most editors there call him *μεσσηγέας* and here *ὑπαγέρων*) Achilles and Clytemnestra were both retiring, and stood close to the door at a considerable distance from the Chorus, who bore no part in the preceding dialogue.

ATTENDANT.

O Fortune,  
With my precaution join'd, extend your influence  
O'er those I wish to save.

ACHILLES.

Thou must explain  
Thy speech hereafter: these are words of weight.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In bending suppliant-like to touch my hand,  
If thou hast aught of moment to disclose,  
Waste not thy time.

ATTENDANT.

Know ye not who I am,  
And the attachment I have ever borne  
To you, and to your children?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well I know  
Thou in my house hast been a servant long.

ATTENDANT.

And that, as an appendage to your dower,  
The royal Agamemnon erst receiv'd me?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou cam'st to Argos in my train, and mine  
Hast ever been.

ATTENDANT.

E'en thus: and hence more strongly  
To you, than to your Lord, am I attach'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thy business, now at length, to us unfold.

O 2

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ATTENDANT.

The merciless resolve her Sire hath form'd  
Is this—to slay your Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Horrid tale !  
Old man, what mean'st thou ? thou art frantic, sure.

ATTENDANT.

Smiting the hapless Virgin's snowy neck  
With his drawn sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, wretched, wretched me !  
Hath my Lord lost his reason ?

ATTENDANT.

He still thinks  
Aright, except in what relates to you  
And to your Daughter : here his judgment fails.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, thro' what cause, what Fiend misleads the King ?

ATTENDANT.

An oracle which Calchas hath pronounc'd,  
That the confederate armament may fail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Sail whither ? wretched me ! and O most wretched  
She, whom her Father hath resolv'd to slay !

ATTENDANT.

To the Dardanian realm ; that Menelaus  
His Consort may recover.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is the blood  
Of Iphigenia then the price of Helen ?

ATTENDANT.

You comprehend the whole : her ruthless Sire  
Will to Diana sacrifice the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

With what intent those nuptials did he feign,  
By which he drew me hither ?

ATTENDANT.

That with joy  
You might conduct her as the destin'd Bride  
Of great Achilles.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou, my Daughter, com'st  
To perish, thou and thy unhappy Mother.

ATTENDANT.

Most piteous wrongs, alas ! ye both endure,  
And Agamemnon's purposes are dreadful.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am undone : no longer can these eyes  
Withhold th' involuntary tear from streaming.

ATTENDANT.

If e'er in bitterness of soul we weep,  
'Tis for our Childrens' loss.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But whence, old man,  
Dost thou assert that thou these tidings heard'st ?

ATTENDANT.

I, with a second letter was dispatch'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To countermand, or to enforce those orders  
That I should bring my Daughter to be slain ?



ATTENDANT.

To countermand : your Lord was then inspir'd  
With better thoughts.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But why, since thou didst bear  
Such letter, not deliver it to me ?

ATTENDANT.

'Twas Menelaus, the detested cause  
Of all these ills, who tore it from my hands.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Brave youth, from Peleus and the Nereid sprung,  
Hear you this tale ?

ACHILLES.

Thy wretchedness I hear,  
Nor th' insults shewn to me can pass unnotic'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

They mean to take my Daughter's life away,  
By the pretence of wedding her to you  
Beguiling us.

ACHILLES.

Against thy Lord revolts  
My soul, nor will I tamely brook this wrong.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I blush not at those knees to fall ; a mortal,  
To you who from a Goddess spring, I sue.  
Why should I still maintain an empty pride,  
Or strive with greater earnestness for ought  
Than the deliverance of my dearest child ?  
Offspring of Thetis, succour my distress,  
Succour a Virgin nam'd, tho' falsely nam'd,  
Your Bride ; yet I with flowers adorn'd her brow,  
And fancied that I led her to your arms ;  
But now I to the bloody altar lead.

On you disgrace will light, if you neglect  
 To aid her. Ye indeed in wedlock's bands  
 Were never join'd, yet was you call'd the Husband  
 Of this unhappy maid. O by that beard,  
 By that right arm, and your immortal Mother,  
 Since I am ruin'd thro' your name, assert  
 The honour of that name. I have no shrine  
 Except your knees to fly to, not a friend  
 To cheer me. You have heard the cruel scheme,  
 Th' audacious treachery, fram'd in evil hour  
 By Agamemnon : here, you see, I come,  
 'Midst lawless mariners in mischief bold,  
 But able too, if willing, to assert  
 The cause of the oppress'd ; a feeble woman.  
 Extend your guardian arm, and I am sav'd,  
 Else ruin waits me.

## C H O R U S.

Of parental love  
 Great is the power, and like a magic philtre:  
 Inspir'd by nature each fond Mother toils  
 To save her offspring.

## A C H I L L E S.

My indignant soul  
 Is fir'd by such affronts : tho' no man knows  
 Both how to bear affliction and success  
 With greater moderation.

## C H O R U S.

Truly wise  
 Are they who persevere thro' every stage  
 Of life beneath unbiass'd reason's guidance.

## A C H I L L E S.

There is a time when we should lay aside  
 Each warier thought : but other seasons claim  
 Our utmost prudence. From that virtuous man,  
 Chiron, by whom my infancy was nurtur'd,

Simplicity of manners I acquir'd.

If their commands are just, I will obey

The Sons Atreus ; when unjust, refuse

Each base concession : with a liberal spirit

So will I act both here, and when at Troy,

As shall do honour to the god I serve

Mars the invincible. But as for thee,

Whose sufferings from unnatural friends arise,

All the protection that a youth can give

To thee, by pity mov'd will I extend ;

Nor shall the ruthless Father ever slay

Thy Daughter who was styl'd my Bride, nor cloak

Such treachery with the sanction of Achilles.

For tho' I wielded not the murderous blade,

My name would be th' assassin : yet thy Lord

Is the true cause. No longer from the stain

Of shedding guiltless blood should I be pure,

If, for my sake, and on a vile pretence

Of wedding her to me, this Maid should perish.

While Menelaus is esteem'd a man,

Shall I be far beneath the meanest Greek,

A thing of nought, begotten by some Fiend,

Not Peleus' son, if in my name thy Lord

The Virgin slay. By Nereus, who resides

Beneath the briny deep, the Sire of Thetis

Who bore me, ne'er shall Agamemnon touch

Thy Daughter, nor pollute her spotless veil.

Plac'd on the limits of Barbarian realms

Sooner shall Sipylus, whence yon proud Chiefs

Derive their origin, become illustrious,

And martial Phthia have no more a name.

Calchas, that Seer, in bitterness of soul

Shall carry back again his salted cates

And lavers. For what species of a man

Is he who acts the prophet ? some few truths,

With many falsehoods mingled, he deals forth

When fortune aids him : but if she oppose,

His vaunted science is for ever lost.  
 How many nymphs in wedlock vie to gain  
 My plighted hand ! no empty boasts are these.  
 But Agamemnon, haughty King, with scorn  
 Hath treated me ; he ought to have applied  
 For my permission, ere he us'd my name  
 His Daughter to ensnare. For to my arms,  
 With joy, would Clytemnestra have consign'd,  
 And I to all the Greeks surrender'd up,  
 The maid ; if hence our voyage to the shores  
 Of Troy had been obstructed, nor refus'd  
 The weal of my brave comrades to promote.  
 But now by those two Generals am I deem'd  
 A thing of no account, which as they list  
 They may respect or slight. My last appeal  
 Is to this sword, which ere on Phrygia's coast  
 We land, with crimson slaughter will I stain,  
 If any one presume with ruffian hand  
 To force thy Daughter from me. Be pleas'd ;  
 Thou [ 31 ] view'st me like a tutelary God ;  
 I am not yet entitled to that name,  
 But trust I shall be.

[ 31 ] Commentators are frequently most decisive in their language, when they have no firm ground to stand upon. Mr. Markland, after having pronounced that this passage, as it stands in all preceding editions, is *extremely absurd*, (*" faultissima "*) through a determination *to give no offence to any one*, has suffered the text to remain, but altered the Latin version, and placed, in a note his own reading, which comes apparently unsupported by any authority either printed or manuscript, *μεγίστος ὡς γὰρ ἀλλ' ὅμως γινώσκειται*, maximum est discrimen : sed tamen fiet. In a subsequent speech of Achilles, v. 1003, we meet with *ἐστὶ ἄγαθὸν μεγίστος*, which probably gave rise to this mutilation of an animated passage, in order to make the Hero say the same thing twice over at the distance of scarce thirty lines. Dr. Musgrave does not adopt Mr. Markland's conjecture, but proposes altering *ἀλλ' ὅμως* into *ἄλλος ὢν*, and on this innovation, which

## C H O R U S.

This heroic language,  
O son of Peleus, well becomes thyself  
And thy great sea-born Mother.

## C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

In what terms,  
What well-proportion'd terms, shall I express  
My gratitude, your favour not to forfeit?  
For when encomiums on the good are shower'd,  
They feel a kind of hatred to the man  
Who, in the praises he confers, exceeds  
The bounds of truth. I blush that I have nought  
With which your generous friendship to repay  
But lamentations, by my private woes  
Wholly absorb'd: you never have endur'd  
Distress like mine. Yet in a stranger's cause  
The virtuous man extends his arm, and lifts  
Afflictions from the dust. On me bestow  
Your pity, for the woes I have endur'd  
Challenge compassion. Thinking to obtain  
In you a Son in law, I cherish'd hopes  
That were ill-grounded. Iphigenia's death  
Perhaps may prove an omen to destroy  
Your bliss in future nuptials: such a curse  
On you is it incumbent to avert.  
With nobly proffer'd aid began the speech  
Which you as nobly ended: persevere,  
And you will save my Daughter. To your knees  
Shall she a suppliant cling? 'twould ill beseem

he barely starts as *baud ineptum*, grounds his Latin version *cum non alius sim quam quod ero*. Amidst this difference of opinion, I can by no means hesitate in preferring the vulgar text as by far more worthy of Euripides, and more expressive of the *nihil non arroget armis* of Achilles' character, than either of the suggested alterations.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 155

A tender virgin : yet, if you require,  
She shall come forth, but come with downcast eyes,  
And shame ingenuous. Or shall I obtain  
From you, tho' she appear not, this request ?

ACHILLES.

Let her remain at home : a bashful maid  
The dictates of her modesty obeys.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet must we not extend e'en virtuous shame  
Beyond all bounds, where shame can nought avail.

ACHILLES.

Bring not thy Daughter, lest reproach attend  
Our inconsiderate meeting : for the host,  
Idle and free from occupation, love  
Tales of accurst malevolence to spread.  
The same my zeal, whether ye come as suppliants,  
Or wave your suit : for on a mighty conflict  
Am I resolv'd to snatch you from your woes.  
Of one thing be assur'd, I ne'er will utter  
A falshood. When I raise thy groundless hopes,  
May instant death o'ertake me. May I live  
But on these terms, if I the Virgin save.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Heaven prosper each attempt, while you continue  
To be the firm protector of the wretched.

ACHILLES.

Attend to what I urge, that as we ought  
We may conduct the plan.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What's this you mean  
That now demands attention ?

156 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

ACHILLES.

Yet again  
Let us exhort her Sire to think more wisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He like a coward fears th' assembled troops.

ACHILLES.

Fresh motives o'er those motives may prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cold are my hopes : say, how shall I proceed ?

ACHILLES.

Entreat him first, his Daughter not to slay :  
If he deny thy suit, to me repair :  
But if thou by persuasive words canst gain  
His stubborn soul ; for me to interfere  
Would in that case be needless : she will owe  
To thee alone her safety, and my friendship  
With Agamemnon will remain entire :  
Nor, by the host, if I with reason's aid,  
Rather than open violence, prevail,  
Shall I be blam'd. Thy wishes thus obtain'd,  
Both to thy friends and thee, 'twill be more glorious  
To have succeeded, tho' in your behalf  
I interpos'd not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Wisely have you spoken :  
I'll follow your advice : but if I fail  
In my attempt, where shall we meet again ?  
Wretch that I am, ah, whither shall I go  
To have recourse to your victorious arm,  
My safeguard in distress ?

ACHILLES.

I will attend  
Ready to guard thee in the hour of need :  
But O beware, lest thou with terror smitten

# IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 157

He seen to wander thro' the camp, and shame  
 Thy ancestors: for Tyndarus' race, rever'd  
 By every Greek, no obloquy deserves.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then be it so: lead on; I will obey  
 Your mandates. Sure, if any Gods exist,  
 Such virtue will most amply be rewarded:  
 If there be none, our arduous toils are vain.  
*Exeunt Achilles and Clytemnestra.*

## CHORUS.

### O D E.

#### I.

What rapturous accents breath'd around,  
 When Hymen midst th' enchanting strain  
 Advancing with his choral train,  
*Bade Libya's flute, the harp, the pipe resound!*  
 Then up the ridge of Pelion's craggy mount,  
 Distinguish'd by their streaming hair,  
 Came the bright Nymphs who haunt Pieria's fount,  
 The banquet of the Gods to share;  
 Oft their swift feet in airy bound  
 With golden sandals smote the ground,  
 At Peleus' nuptial rite they sung,  
 On hills where Centaurs fierce reside,  
 The charms of Thetis, of th' immortal Bride,  
 And for the son of Æacus was strung  
 Each sounding lyre in Pelion's grove.  
 From Dardanus' sam'd line, the Boy  
 (Minion of cloud-compelling Jove)  
 Descended, Ganymede the pride of Troy,  
 With nectar fill'd the goblet high.

#### P



158 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

In circling dance, an agile band,  
While Nereus' fifty Daughters on the strand  
Grac'd Hymen's blest solemnity.

II.

Each Centaur snatch'd a sapling pine,  
Around his hardy front was plac'd  
The grassy wreath, he rush'd to taste  
The feasts of Heaven, and Bacchus' rosy wine.  
"Daughter of Nereus, hail! a light I view."  
The Nymphs of Thessaly exclaim'd.  
Phœbus the tuneful Seer, and he who knew  
[32] The muses' mystic lore, far fam'd

[32] *Μῦσαι γυναικες*, rendered by Barnes *Musarum generationes*, here I apprehend signifies *genealogias* a *Musis decantatas*, that is to say, "the poetic annals or genealogies of Gods and Heroes." Erasmus renders it *mystica sacra sororum Castalarum*. Mr Markland, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, concur in looking upon *γυναικες* as a verb instead of a substantive, *Dorice pro γυναικες*; the first renders it *paries virum*, and the last *creabis*, and they interpret *ἐκμυσάμενος* *clare dixit*, or *effatus est*: these versions seem peculiarly harsh: but the proposal of Mr. Markland, in which I observe he stands single, to alter *Μῦσαι* into *Μοῦσαι*, alleging that the Muses themselves are the speakers, and making them *relate* the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, is liable to much stronger objections, as Apollo could not with any propriety be excluded from this harmonious banquet of the Gods, even though Juno had not expressly reminded him in Homer that he was one of the guests,

Παῖς δ' ἀθανάτοιο θεοῖο γαμῶ· ἢ δὲ σὺ τοῖσι  
Δαῖτυ ἔχων φεμύρῃα. II. I. xxiv. v. 62.

And in regard to Chiron, it has already been mentioned by Agamemnon in this Tragedy, that he was the friend of Peleus, and dwelt on this mountain; which renders it almost needless to cite Apollodorus, who informs us that he presented Peleus at his nuptials with the famous spear which his Son Achilles afterwards brought to the siege of Troy, in order to prove that he was one of the Centaurs who attended the festivity. It seems

For virtue, Chiron sage foretold  
 By name, the chief in combats bold  
 Who his Myrmidons shall lead  
 Into the wealthy realms of Troy,  
 And Priam's dome with vengeful flames destroy :  
 Thus have the Fates supreme behests decreed.  
 To him, impenetrable arms,  
 By Vulcan forg'd, of massive gold,  
 His Mother, 'midst War's dire alarms  
 Shall bring, her happy offspring to infold.  
 Then did the whole immortal Choir,  
 With tuneful accents to adorn  
 Great Pelus' and the Nereid's bridal morn,  
 Accompany the festive lyre.

III.

But deck'd with garlands braided round thy head,  
 Thou, Iphigenia, shalt be led  
 By Grecian priests ; and as the heifer, torn  
 From rocky caves, reluctant meets the blow,  
 Thy crimson gore shall flow :  
 Nor pipe, nor shepherd's dog at early morn  
 Awak'd thee, nurtur'd on the plain :  
 But thro' maternal care with bridal pomp attir'd,  
 A Bride by each Inachian Chief desir'd,  
 Thou' hither-bring'st thy weeping train.  
 How shall the modest blushes o'er that face  
 Diffus'd, or in this fatal hour

much more consonant both to poetry and probability, that Chiron should expatiate on the achievements of his future pupil Achilles, than that the Muses should continue to speak, as they do in Mr. Markland's Latin version, and quote the prophecies of Apollo and Chiron, when it is clear that they were both present, and formed part of the guests assembled on mount Pelion. I therefore follow the example of the Aldus edition, in placing after the word *For* a full stop.

160 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Thy virtues aught avail,  
While impious men engross all power ;  
If thus neglected, honour fail,  
And violence o'er law prevail ?

Hence, general danger threatens the human race,  
Lest the vindictive Gods a sinful world assail.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I from these doors come forth to seek my Lord,  
Who hence hath long been absent. My poor Daughter  
Sheds the big tear, and pours forth many groans  
Expressive of her anguish, since she heard  
She by her cruel sire is doom'd to bleed,  
By Agamemnon : he whom I have mention'd  
Draws near, and on his own unhappy Child  
Ere long will execute this deed of horror.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA,  
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, at a lucky season  
I find thee here without, that I may speak  
Apart from Iphigenia, on those subjects  
Which in the presence of a timid Bride  
Cannot be nam'd with decency.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What business  
Doth this occasion to my Lord suggest ?

AGAMEMNON.

From her apartment let my Daughter go  
Accompanied by none except her sire :

The holy lavers with the salted cakes,  
Which we must scatter in the lustral flame,  
And heifers, that to Dian must be slain,  
As victims, ere the nuptial rites commence,  
Tinging her altar with their crimson gore,  
Are ready,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tho' in courteous terms you speak,  
I cannot name your actions with applause.  
Come forth, my Daughter, for full well thou know'st  
Thy Sire's designs; wrapt in thy flowing robe,  
Thy Brother young Orestes hither bring.  
Obedient to your summons, lo she comes!  
Both in her cause and mine I now shall plead.

IPHIGENIA, AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Why weep'st thou, O my Daughter, whence proceeds  
That alter'd look? what mean those downcast eyes,  
Fix'd on the ground, and cover'd with a veil?

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, how the doleful history of my woes  
Shall I begin? they all at once seem present,  
Nor know I in what order to arrange them,  
Which first, which last to name.

AGAMEMNON.

Why do ye form  
One plaintive groupe, expressing in each face  
Confusion and dismay?

152 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Lord, reply  
With an ingenuous freedom to my questions.

AGAMEMNON.

No counsel on this subject can I need ;  
I wish to hear them.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you bent on slaying  
Our Daughter ?

AGAMEMNON.

Ha, what horrid words are these !  
Thou ought'st not to suspect that I e'er form'd  
Such project. Peace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To my enquiries give  
A more explicit answer.

AGAMEMNON.

Had thy questions  
Been proper, I had answer'd as I ought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To this one point I fix them ; nought beside  
Is there for you to speak of.

AGAMEMNON.

Awful fortune,  
Ye Destinies, and O my evil genius !

CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me, on her, on you, one Demon hurls  
This triple-wrath.

AGAMEMNON.

In what respect hast thou  
Been injur'd ?

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 163

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can you presume to ask?  
This shallow artifice betrays the fool.

AGAMEMNON.

I am undone, my secrets are disclos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Full well I know them all, and am apprisd  
Of the designs which you 'gainst me have fram'd:  
That silence, and those oft repeated groans,  
Amount to a confession; spare yourself  
The labour of a frivolous reply.

AGAMEMNON.

Lo I am mute. I to my woes should add  
The want of virtuous shame, were I to utter  
Premeditated falsehoods.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now give ear

To me; for I will act an open part,  
Nor riddles, foreign to my purpose use.  
First with this just reproach I brand your name,  
By force you seiz'd me a reluctant Bride,  
Slew Tantalus, my former Lord, and dash'd  
Our infant child, whom from my breast you tore,  
Against the pavement, Jove's illustrious Sons  
My Brothers, on their milk-white courfers borne,  
Wag'd war against you; but my aged Sire,  
Tyndarus, when vanquish'd at his knees you bow'd  
A suppliant, set you free, and join'd our hands  
Again in wedlock: reconcil'd to you  
And to your house, yourself can bear me witness,  
That from that time, still blameless and still chaste [33].

[33] "Clytemnestra had no pretensions afterwards to boast  
thus of her fidelity. These reproaches shew that she perhaps

## 164 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

I have improv'd your fortunes, that at home  
 You might rejoice, and oft as you went forth  
 From your own mansions, with success be crown'd.  
 Few are the men so blest as to obtain  
 Such Consorts ; to the lot of many fall  
 They who are worthless. I moreover bore  
 To you three lovely Daughters and this Son ;  
 Yet me you will inhumanly bereave  
 Of one dear child. Should any one enquire  
 The cause for which you take her life away,  
 What plausible excuse can you allege ?  
 Or shall I utter what you dare not speak ?  
 " That Menelaus may recover Helen."  
 Glorious exchange ! our children as the price  
 Of her redemption, for that wicked woman  
 If we should barter, and thus purchase back  
 Those we abhor, upon such fatal terms  
 To those we hold most dear. But leading forth  
 The troops, if me you leave forlorn at home,  
 And on the coasts of Ilion long remain ;  
 Think you what agonizing pangs will rend  
 This heart, when I her vacant chair behold,  
 Her chamber uninhabited ? alone  
 Shall I sit weeping, and in strains like these  
 Bewail her fate ; " My Daughter, thy own Sire  
 " Hath slain thee, he, alas ! and none but he,  
 " Nor by another hand. Such is the gift  
 " He to our house departing leaves behind."  
 But little more pretext there needs to urge  
 Me, and the rest of my unhappy Daughters,  
 To give you the reception you deserve.  
 I by the Gods conjure you then, forbear,  
 Either to wrong, or force me to retaliate.

" already repented of it. Her love for Agisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon, afterwards avenged the crimes with which she has here been charging her unhappy Husband." BARNES.

[34] Well, be it so: the virgin you resolve  
 To sacrifice: but after such a deed  
 How can you pray to Heaven, what blessings crave  
 When you have slain your child? thus basely launch-  
 The bark for Troy, expect you to return [ing  
 Without disgrace? But were it just in me  
 To offer up my vows for your success?  
 If we our antient kindness still retain  
 For murderers, must we not infer the Gods  
 Want reason? But when you return to Argos  
 Will you embrace your children? No, you must not.  
 For who of all the race will bear to see you,  
 If one of them deliberately you slay?  
 To this important question now I come;  
 If your sole object be to wield a sceptre,  
 And lead forth troops to battle, in these words  
 The squadrons you with justice might address;  
 "Is it your wish, O Greeks, to sail for Troy?  
 "By lot decide whose Daughter shall be slain."  
 The hazard then were equal: but not thus  
 When as a chosen victim for all Greece,  
 Your Daughter you bestow. Or, to redeem  
 Her mother, Menelaus should have slain  
 Hermione, since this was her affair.  
 But now must I, who have preserv'd your bed  
 Invisible, be robb'd of my lov'd Daughter,  
 While she who hath transgress'd shall train up hers [35]  
 In Sparta, and become a happy Dame.  
 Confute me, if in aught I speak amiss,

[34] "These lines are extremely animated, full of spirit, indignation, and just reasoning, and worthy of the most heroic of the Daughters of Tyndarus: they may be reckoned among the principal passages of Euripides in this species of writing."  
 MARKLAND.

[35] The old editions have *υποστροφος*; but *υποστροφος* is, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Maugrave, the reading of three manuscripts.



166 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

But if I speak aright, our Daughter slay not,  
And you will act a prudent virtuous part.

CHORUS

Yield, Agamemnon : to preserve our children  
Is laudable, this all mankind allows.

IPHIGENIA.

Had I a voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,  
Could I by magic incantations move  
The stones to follow me, and with soft words  
Sooth every hearer, I would have recourse  
To arts thus powerful; but must now make use  
Of all the eloquence I have, these tears.  
Here round thy knees an humble suppliant clings  
Thy Daughter, for her sake who brought me forth,  
Consign me not to an untimely death;  
For sweet it is to look upon the sun:  
Earth's nether regions force me not to view.  
Thee by the name of Sire I first did hail,  
Me didst thou first call Daughter: on thy knees  
First did I hang, afford, and in my torn  
From thee endearments numberless receive,  
These were the words thou said'st; "Thee, O my  
" At a maturer age shall I behold, {Child;  
" Adorn the mansions of a happy Lord;  
" Plac'd in such station as my rank deserves?"  
While oft that chin (which now with trembling hands  
I touch) embracing; thus have I reply'd;  
" In thy decline of life shall I receive  
" Thee, O my aged Sire, with filial zeal  
" Opening my mansion's hospitable gates,  
" These cares to recompense, with which thou erst  
" Didst nurture me?" My memory still retains  
Each fond expression we both utter'd then;  
But thou, forgetting all that pass'd, would'st slay  
Thy Daughter, Thee by Pelops I conjure,  
By Atreus too thy Father, and by her

Who bore me erst, who now again endures  
 Pangs that exceed the pregnant mother's throes,  
 To spare my life. For what have I to do  
 With the espousals, the adulterous loves  
 Of Paris and of Helen? O my Sire,  
 To vindicate my doom, why introduce  
 Their foul offence? at least one gracious look,  
 One parting kiss bestow, that ere I die,  
 If my words fail to move thee, I may gain  
 These slight memorials of paternal love.  
 My Brother, tho' small succour to thy friends  
 Thou canst afford, yet by thy tears entreat  
 Thy Father, that thy Sister may not die.  
 There is a certain sense of others' woe,  
 Which even infants feel. My Father, see  
 His silent supplication he prefers.  
 Revere my sufferings, and thro' pity spare  
 My life. We two, both objects of thy love,  
 Thy blooming Daughter, and thy tender Son,  
 Implore thee by that beard: I, to conclude,  
 This one prevailing argument will use;  
 Most grateful is it to the human race  
 To view the Sun: but in yon realms beneath,  
 (Such wish were utter frenzy) none would dwell.  
 [36] Better, tho' on the worst of terms, is life,  
 Than the most glorious death.

[36] Although these sentiments which the Chorus suffer to pass uncensured, are held by some Critics to be utterly inconsistent with the dignity of a Tragic Heroine; it is not unworthy of observation that the Achilles of Homer, both while living, in his reply to the Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon, in the ninth book of the Iliad, and after death, in what he says to Ulysses, who descends into the infernal regions, carries this idea yet farther: I will here only cite the latter of these passages, as being the most concise, and most immediately apposite to my purpose.

Βυλεμένη κ' ἐπαρθεὶς ἐνὶ θήνυσμιεν ἀλλὰ  
 Ἄνδρι παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ὃ μὴ βίωτος πολὺς ἐν  
 Ἡρώσιν νικύσσει Καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνασσιν.

Odyss. L. ii. v. 488.

## CHORUS.

Unhappy Helen,  
Thro' thee and thy espousals, 'twixt the sons  
Of Atreus, and their race great discords rise.

## AGAMEMNON.

Both where to give compassion ample scope,  
And when to check its tide full well I know.  
I for my Children feel paternal love,  
Else I were frantic. Tho' my wounded heart  
Recoil at such oblation, to withhold  
The sacrifice were impious. I must slay  
My Daughter. Seest thou not this numerous fleet,  
These Grecian Chiefs in glittering mail array'd?  
They to the shores of Iliou cannot fail,  
Or lay its turrets level with the ground,  
If I refuse thee, O my dearest Child,  
To offer up: thus Calchas, holy Seer,  
Pronounces. With a vehement desire  
Are the whole host inflam'd to launch their barks  
Immediately, for that Barbarian coast,  
And punish the bold miscreant who presum'd  
To bear away a royal Grecian Dame:  
Those virgin Daughters whom I left behind  
At Argos, will they kill, nor in their rage  
Spare either you or me, if thus I frustrate  
Diana's oracles. Nor yet by force

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear  
A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,  
That reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. **POPE.**

This doctrine is however severely reprobated by Plato, in the third book of his Republic; and the sarcastic Lucian has founded on this very passage of Homer his 15th Dialogue of the Dead, in which he introduces Antilochus, the son of Nestor, arraigning this declaration as utterly unworthy of Peleus' son, the pupil of Chiron and Phœnix.

Hath Menelaus conquer'd, O my child,  
Nor have his subtle arguments convinc'd me :  
But Greece prevails, and thee I in the cause  
Of Greece must at the altar offer up,  
Willing or loth : for I to fate must yield.  
Us it behoves, exerting all our might,  
The freedom of our country to maintain,  
For we are Greeks, and will not tamely suffer  
Barbarian slaves to violate our beds.

*Exit Agamemnon.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Daughter ! O ye foreign maids !  
Soon, hapless Virgin, shalt thou die ;  
See thy relentless Father fly,  
And yield thee trembling to the shades.

IPHIGENIA.

Warbling the same pathetic strain  
With you, my Mother, I complain.  
No more these closing eyes shall view  
The genial radiance of the Morn,  
The Sun his blest career renew.  
From you, alas ! I trace my woes,  
Ye mountains white with drifted snows,  
And Ida's consecrated grove,  
Where, struggling with paternal love,  
Priam expos'd the infant, torn  
From a desponding Mother's breast,  
Abandon'd on the distant heath  
To fate and unrelenting death :  
By Phrygia's wondering tribes carest,  
Hence youthful Paris did obtain  
The name of Ida's, Ida's swain.  
Ah, would to heaven th' adventurous boy  
Had ne'er been destin'd to abide,

Q

Where be the lowing herds with joy  
 Did as a simple peasant tend;  
 Nor seen those limpid rills descend,  
 Haunted by Nymphs, who on their side  
 Oft cropp'd the rose's blushing flowers,  
 And interwove with hands divine  
 Their fragrant hyacinthine bowers:  
 Thither the sage Minerva came,  
 Venus, and Jove's imperial Dame,  
 With Hermes, whom the Gods enjoin  
 The thunderer's embassies to bear;  
 (In Cythæa's wanton look,  
 Love revell'd with triumphant air,  
 Her pointed spear Minerva shook,  
 Juno advanc'd with statelier mien  
 Expressive of the scepter'd Queen)  
 Their hateful contest to decide,  
 The power of rival charms to try:  
 I hence alas! am doom'd to die;  
 But Greece shall with victorious pride  
 Extend her streaming banners wide.

## C H O R U S.

Diana claims thy sprinkled gore;  
 Hence they shall land on Uion's shore.

## I P H I G E N I A.

O Mother, how it wounds my heart,  
 To see that treacherous Sire depart!  
 On him, forelorn, in vain I call.  
 Ah me! this miserable fate  
 From that ill-omen'd hour I date,  
 When Helen sought the Phrygian strand,  
 And now am I decreed to fall  
 By my own Father's impious hand.  
 O that these straits had not detain'd

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 171

The fleet for Ilium bound, nor Jove  
 Over Euripus' gulph ordain'd  
 No prosperous wind from Heaven to blow !  
 On some, the favour'd few, mild gales  
 Cheering their souls doth he bestow,  
 And aid them to unfurl their sails ;  
 But others he forbids to move,  
 Compass'd with various griefs around,  
 And with necessity fell train ;  
 Those from the port their vessels guide,  
 Weigh anchor, and the surge divide ;  
 Moor'd on the coast while these remain.  
 Our feeble race with toils abound,  
 E'en all who draw their vital breath.  
 Shall not these destin'd ills content ?  
 Weak man, their number to augment  
 By searching out new modes of death.

CHORUS.

Anguish and slaughter Greece invade,  
 Thro' Helen, that inconstant fair.  
 I pity thee, unhappy Maid,  
 And wish that thou, by fate betray'd,  
 Such woes hadst ne'er been doom'd to bear.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Mother, I behold a troop  
 Of armed men draw near.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And that brave Chief,  
 Sprung from the Goddess, whom thou cam'st to wed.

IPHIGENIA.

Open the doors : I would conceal myself.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Daughter, whither fleest thou ?

172 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

From Achilles,  
Whom modesty forbids me to behold.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why so?

IPHIGENIA.

Our hapless nuptials make me blush.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill doth such bashful delicacy suit  
Thy fortunes: stay, this is no time for coynefs.

ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,  
CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Leda, most unhappy dame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Too truly have you spoken.

ACHILLES.

Midst the host  
Of Argos, dreadful shouts are heard.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What shouts?

Inform me.

ACHILLES.

By thy Daughter caus'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The words  
You utter are of evil augury.

ACHILLES.

Her as a victim loudly they demand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Doth no man contradict them ?

ACHILLES.

To some danger

I also was expos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what, my friend ?

ACHILLES.

Of being crush'd with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

While you protected

My Daughter ?

ACHILLES.

'Twas e'en thus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But who presum'd

To smite you ?

ACHILLES.

Every Greek.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Did not your host

[37] Of valiant Myrmidons defend their Lord.

[37] " The comrades and the soldiers of Achilles bore the name of Myrmidons; this people were natives of Ægina, and followed Peleus into Thessaly; they are said to have been



ACHILLES.

They were my first assailants.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Daughter,

We then must perish.

ACHILLES.

With one voice they cried ;

“ How is the Hero in the Bridegroom lost ! ”

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What answer made you ?

ACHILLES.

Spare my future Wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Just was that plea.

“ transform’d from Ants, whence they derived their name,  
 “ into Men, at the prayers of Æacus, whose island of Ægina  
 “ was almost destitute of inhabitants: others deduce their name  
 “ from Myrmidon, the son of Jupiter. See Eustathius on  
 “ Homer, p. 76. l. 38., and p. 320. l. 42. ed. Romæ 1542, and  
 “ Ovid Met. l. vii. v. 614.” BARNES.

*Μυρμιον* is the Greek word for an Ant. Ovid’s account of the depopulation of Ægina by a plague, and its being thus filled with a new race, is very diffuse: as for the Hero Myrmidon, as Eustathius calls him, no particulars of his history have occurred to me; Apollodorus only says that the sons of him and Pisidice, one of Æolus’s Daughters were Antiphus and *Ἀκτωρ*. Both my editions, of Romæ 1555 and that of the Hist. Poet. Scriptores, by Gale, print the name of the latter *Ἀκτωρ*, but I apprehend erroneously; Menæceus, the father of Patroclus, being called by Homer the son *Ἀκτωρ*, and Bachet de Meziriac, in his excellent comment on Ovid’s Epistles, having shewn that Patroclus was Great-Grandson to Myrmidon, the genealogy standing thus Myrmidon, *Ἀκτωρ*, Menæceus, Patroclus.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS, 175

ACHILLES.

Whom by my name her Sire  
Distinguish'd—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And from Argos bade her come.

ACHILLES.

But by their clamorous shouts was I subdued.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Multitude are a dire pest.

ACHILLES.

In spite  
Of their resentment I will aid thee still.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can your single arm resist an host?

ACHILLES.

Seest thou yon armed warriors?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May success  
Attend your courage!

ACHILLES.

We will yet prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall not my Daughter for a victim bleed?

ACHILLES.

To this at least I never will consent.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will any of them hither come to seize  
The virgin?

ACHILLES.

Thousands, by Ulysses led.

176 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The son of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES.

E'en he.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thus acting

Thro' his own zeal, or by the troops ordain'd?

ACHILLES.

They chuse him to an office which he sought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Most execrable choice, with human gore  
Thus to pollute himself.

ACHILLES.

But I shall curb

His ardor.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he seize and drag her hence,  
Altho' reluctant?

ACHILLES.

By her auburn hair.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How then must I proceed?

ACHILLES.

Still firmly clasp

Thy Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By such means can she be sav'd?

ACHILLES.

[38] This, and this only, must at length decide.

[38] "The literal translation is—*But the matter will come to this*—which Achilles speaks, either laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, or casting a look on the soldiers that attended him ready armed for an engagement."

BARNES.

IPHIGENIA.

Listen to me ; O mother, I perceive  
That groundless zeal against your husband fires  
Your inmost soul : but think not to attempt  
What cannot be atchiev'd. The generous zeal  
Of this heroic steanger, claims our praise :  
Yet ought you to beware lest you excite  
The wrath of an ungovernable host,  
And by a conduct whence to us accrues  
No benefit, our kind protector cause  
To perish. But, O Mother, what resolves  
I on deliberating more calmly form  
You now shall hear. I fully am resolv'd  
[39] On death : but wish, with glory to expire,

[39] Brumoy's remarks subjoined to this Tragedy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his note on "*sibi constet*" in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, furnish defences of Iphigenia's character from the charge of inconsistency preferred against it by Aristotle in his *Poetica*, which it is so easy for the reader to have recourse to, that instead of making any extract from them, I will lay before him much the same arguments expressed with more brevity by a Critic of the sixteenth century. "Euripides is here so far from deserving censure, that he ought rather to be extolled to the skies for his prudence : for if he had represented Iphigenia firm and intrepid, when the tidings of her being to die were first brought to her, he would by no means have observed decorum, for he would have given such an instance of valour in a maid as is hardly to be found in *Regulus*, *Codrus*, and the *Decii*. Virgins are naturally timid, and consider nothing as more bitter than death. Euripides therefore does right in representing Iphigenia as timid at first : but afterwards she prefers the weal of the Greeks to life itself. What then ? the entreaties of her Father, necessity, the preservation of her friends, and glory, all combined together, had such influence over her." Fr. Luifini, *Utinensis Comm. in Hor. de Arte Poet.* f. 54 Ven. ap. Aldi fil. 1554. Mr. Markland, in his note, takes this matter in a different point of view, and after expatiating on the inconsistency of every character in this Tragedy, Clytemnestra alone excepted, infers that the wisest

173    **IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.**

And banish all resentment. Ponder well  
 Whether I speak aright : to me all Greece  
 Thro' its assembled states with eager eyes  
 Looks up, on me the fleet's auspicious voyage,  
 On me depends Troy's overthrow : no longer  
 From happy Greece shall these Barbarians rend  
 Our noblest matrons, but with blood atone  
 For Helen's rape; the foul offence of Paris,  
 I, from these shameful outrages, by death  
 Will rescue Greece, my name in future ages  
 Shall be renown'd for having sav'd my country.  
 Nor must I be too much attach'd to life ;  
 For as a common blessing to each Greek,  
 Not to yourself alone, you gave me birth.  
 With lifted shield shall Myriads rush to battle,  
 Shall Myriads ply the sweeping oar, t' avenge  
 Their injur'd country, act with dauntless courage  
 Against the foe, and perish in the cause  
 Of Greece ; while I, to save a single life,  
 Them in their glorious enterprise obstruct ?  
 O where were justice then ! who could reply  
 To such an argument ? I now proceed  
 With one of equal force ; nor shall this Chief  
 For me encounter the whole Argive host,  
 Nor madly perish in a woman's cause :  
 For one such brave man's life is of more worth  
 Than females numberless : But if Diana  
 Hath claim'd me as a victim at her shrine,  
 Shall I, weak mortal, thwart the will of Heaven ?

of Poets is intitled to our applause for having exhibited, with a moral design, the great levity and irresoluteness of the human mind. Some years ago I recollect meeting with these objections of Aristotle revived in a book called "Elements of Criticism," written by Henry Home, Esq. Lord Kaimes, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland ; but the arguments of the Stagyrte did not seem, in their new form, to carry with them any additional strength.

That were impossible. I here for Greece  
Yield myself up spontaneously : transpierce  
This breast, and lay the towers of Ilium waste.  
Such, such shall be my monuments, my children,  
My nuptial trophies, and my lasting fame.  
Greeks o'er Barbarians, ever should bear rule,  
For these are abject slaves, those free-born spirits.

C H O R U S.

Most noble is thy conduct, generous maid,  
Tho' Fortune and Diana prove thy foes.

A C H I L L E S.

Daughter of Agamemnon, were the Gods  
Inclin'd to make me happy, they would crown  
My vows with such a Consort. Greece I deem  
Happy in thee, and thee in Greece : for well  
Hast thou express'd thyself, and as becomes  
Thy country, since thou hast forborn to thwart  
The mightier will of Heaven, that bids thee bleed,  
Well weighing what exalted virtue counsels,  
And what severe necessity enjoins.  
More eagerly than ever, now I wish  
To gain thee for my Bride, now I have mark'd  
Thy generous soul, for thou art truly great.  
Yet, O reflect ! for still would I redeem,  
Would bear thee hence to Phthia, and appeal  
To my immortal Mother, to attest [me  
What grief will rend this heart, should'st thou forbid  
To save thee by encountering Greece. O think,  
How terrible is death.

I P H I G E N I A.

Without respect  
To any, I these sentiments unfold.

180 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Enough [40] already hath the Dame who springs  
From Tyndarus, by her charms, the bloody strife  
Excited. In my cause thou shalt not die,  
Nor lift the slaughtering blade. If in my power,  
O let me save my country.

ACHILLES.

Of thy-sex  
Thou most heroic, nought can I object  
If such thy steadfast purpose, for thy views  
Are noble. To what end suppress the truth?  
But thou may'st yet repent. As an assurance  
That I am ready to perform my promise;  
This troop I near the altar will arrange,  
Nor stand a calm spectator, but protect thee  
From being slain: and haply when thou seest  
The lifted falchion, thou of my advice  
Wilt then avail thyself: nor shalt thou perish  
Thro' thy imprudent zeal; for I will lead  
These hardy warriors to Diana's temple,  
And in its precincts wait till thou arrive.

*Exit Achilles.*

IPHIGENIA.

Why, dearest Mother, are those eyelids moist  
With silent tears?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have sufficient cause  
To make me sorrowful.

[40] For the alteration of *απελ* into *απελ* *sufficit*, the reader is indebted to Hardion, the acuteness and ingenuity of whose remarks on Euripides leave every admirer of the Tragical Bard the greatest cause to regret their not being more numerous. See Acad. des Inscriptions, tom. vii. hist. p. 187. This correction has been adopted by Reiskius, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 182

IPHIGENIA.

Yet, ah desist!  
Nor thus intimidate me, rather yield  
To my request.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what request thou mean'st?  
Thee, O my child, I never will offend.

IPHIGENIA.

Cut not the flowing ringlets of your hair,  
Nor put on sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why speak'st thou thus?  
When I have lost thee, ought I not to mourn?

IPHIGENIA.

Me will you never lose: for I am sav'd,  
And bright renown thro' me shall you obtain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet, why didst thou assert that I thy death  
Must not bewail?

IPHIGENIA.

Because o'er me no tomb  
Shall be erected.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is not death esteem'd  
A passport merely to the silent grave?

R



182 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

The [41] altar of Diana, sprung from Jove,  
Will serve me for a monument.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thee  
I yield, for thou, my Daughter, well hast spoken.

IPHIGENIA.

Happy myself, and to my native land  
The greatest benefactors.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What behest  
To thy lamenting Sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENIA.

Array them not in sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But send'st thou  
No fond remembrance to assuage their grief?

IPHIGENIA.

Health to the Virgins! breed Orestes up  
With a maternal tenderness.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Embrace him,  
For ye shall meet no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou, far as reach'd  
Thy power, dear Brother, didst assist thy friends.

[41] "Iphigenia prophetically utters this enigma, the meaning of which is, that she shall be borne away by Diana to be the Priestess of her temple in Tauris." Erumon.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 183

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Can I do aught at Argos for thy sake?

IPHIGENIA.

Hate not my Sire, your Husband.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There remains.

For him, a dreadful conflict to endure  
On thy account.

IPHIGENIA.

Most loth be in the cause  
Of Greece, devoted me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ungenerous craft  
He us'd, and such as ill beseem'd the race  
Of Atreus,

IPHIGENIA.

Who will lead me to the altar,  
Ere I am dragg'd by my dishevell'd hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Together will we go.

IPHIGENIA.

The Gods forbid!  
You speak unwisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thy robes I'll cling.

IPHIGENIA.

By me advis'd, stay here; for to my fame,  
And yours, your absence will far more conduce.  
Let one of these attendants on my Sire  
Conduct me to Diana's sacred mead,  
Where as a chosen victim I shall fall.

R2.

134 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Depart'st thou, O my Child?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thither bound.

Whence fate ordains that I shall ne'er return.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving thy Mother?

IPHIGENIA.

'Twas a doom, you see,  
Unmerited.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Desert me not; stay, stay.

IPHIGENIA.

I will not suffer you to shed a tear.

*Exit Clytemnestra.*

But, O ye gentle Virgins, in sweet notes  
My hapless fate recording, chaunt the praise  
Of Dian, Daughter to imperial Jove.  
'Thro' every rank, command the Grecian host  
From inauspicious language to abstain.  
'The cannisters make ready, let the flames  
Be kindled to consume the salted 'cates  
Us'd in lustrations: Let my Sire's right hand  
'The altar touch; for e'en in death I bring  
Health to my country, triumph to its arms.

Lead me to blast the pride of Troy,  
Braid the victorious wreath, and spread  
Its vivid honours round my head;  
With lustral drops bedew the ground:  
In a wild dance of festive joy  
Surround 'yon sacred fane; surround:  
'The altar, and in choral strain  
O celebrate Diana's reign.

Diana, Goddess ever blest.  
For I a victim shall expire;  
Since thus the Destinies require,  
Fulfilling at my latest breath,  
While struggling with the pangs of death,  
Heaven's dread oracular behest.

CHORUS.

For thee our eyes in tears we steep,  
Majestic Mother, doom'd to grieve :  
When Dian's temple shall receive  
Her votive train we must not weep.

IPHIGENIA.

Ye blooming Virgins, lovely choir,  
Unite to hymn Diana's praise,  
For here, o'erlooking Chalcis, blaze  
Her altars; here with fruitless ire  
Impatient of such long delay  
Remains the host in Aulis' bay  
By me detain'd. My natal Earth,  
Thee I invoke, Pelagia's strand,  
And fair Mycene, whence my birth  
I date, that lov'd and happy land.

CHORUS.

The walls thou nam'd did Perseus rear,  
Assisted by the Cyclops' art.

IPHIGENIA.

From you, from you, ye realms most dear,  
Lose, to Greece a cheering light;  
Nor shrink I from death's lifted dart.

CHORUS.

Thy fame shall flourish ever bright.

## I P H I G E N I A.

No more, thou blazing lamp of day,  
 No more, O Jove's exhaustless fire,  
 Shall I behold thy genial ray,  
 But in far other mansions dwell.  
 Once more, ere fleeting life expire,  
 Farewel, Hyperion's beams, farewell.

*Exit Iphigenia.*

## C H O R U S.

See the triumphant Virgin go,  
 With matchless prowess to destroy  
 The fated battlements of Troy;  
 For her the lustral stream shall flow,  
 The braided wreath her front entwine;  
 And soon with drops of crimson gore,  
 That issue from her wounded breast,  
 Shall she besprinkle Dian's shrine.  
 Thy Father, in his trembling hands,  
 Sustains the laver, and yon bands  
 Eager to reach the hostile shore  
 Of Ilion, and its walls invest,  
 Expect their Princess in the fane.  
 Th' immortal Maid, who springs from Jove,  
 Fair Artemis, enthron'd above,  
 Let us invoke in choral strain,  
 The Grecian armament to speed.  
 Thou, who in human victims slain  
 Delight'st, thrice awful Queen, the host  
 Dismiss, to ravage Phrygia's coast,  
 And lay Troy's perjurd city low.  
 May Agamemnon's arms bestow  
 On Greece the victor's envied crown,  
 And to the happy Monarch gain,

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. 187

His [42] brows encircling with renown,  
Trophies for ever to remain !

ATTENDANT [43], CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Daughter of Tyndarus, from these doors with speed  
Come forth, O Clytemnestra, and attend  
To the important message which I bring.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hearing your voice, yet trembling with dismay,  
Higher haste, wretch that I am, and dread  
That you, my present sorrows to increase,  
Are with more tidings sent of recent woe.

ATTENDANT.

Strange and most terrible accounts indeed  
Are those which of your Daughter I would give.

[42] Barnes defends the Aldus reading of *τῶν*, tuum, with great appearance of reason against Scaliger : but both Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave inform us, that the manuscripts concur in *ἐοῦ*, suum, according to the conjectural alteration of that able critic.

[43] The circumstances of Clytemnestra's coming forth from her apartment immediately on hearing the voice of this person who seems to have been well known to her, and his familiarity in calling her *φίλη δεσποινίς*, " dear Mistress," induce me to consider him as the Aged Attendant, who on the marriage of Clytemnestra accompanied her from Sparta, and has repeatedly made his appearance in the course of the Tragedy ; the printed editions call him *Ἀγγελλός*, " Messenger ;" but Mr. Markland thinks him not the same with the Messenger who comes in v. 414, and proposes adding him to the *Dramatis Personæ* as a *second Messenger*.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Delay not therefore, but this instant speak.

ATTENDANT.

My lov'd and honour'd Mistress, you shall hear  
 A most explicit tale : the whole event  
 From the beginning will I now recount,  
 If the confusion of my soul affect not  
 My tongue, ere the strange history I conclude.  
 Soon as we reach'd the grove and flow'ry mead  
 Of Dian, where your Daughter was conducted  
 By a detachment of the Grecian troops,  
 The host collected instantly around :  
 But Agamemnon, soon as he beheld  
 The Virgin at the sacred grove arrive . . . [turn'd  
 Where she was doom'd to bleed, groan'd deeply,  
 His head aside, then wept and veil'd his eyes  
 Beneath his robe : close to her Side she stood  
 And said, " My Father, I with joy attend  
 " Thy summons, freely from my native land,  
 " And for all Greece devote myself to bleed ;  
 " Conduct me to the altar of the Goddess ;  
 " Because Heaven's awful voice hath thus requir'd.  
 " Thro' me may ye be blest, thro' me obtain  
 " The glorious palm of conquest, and return  
 " To your exulting country. Touch me not,  
 " For I will bare my neck, resolv'd to fall  
 " In silence, and with courage." Here she ceas'd :  
 The wondering crowd who heard her, prais'd the spirit  
 And valour of the Maid. Talthybius stood  
 Amid the host, and mindful of his office,  
 Bade the whole camp, from each ill-omen'd word  
 Abstaining, with a silent awe attend.  
 [44] Upon a golden canister, then plac'd

[44]<sup>102</sup> In expressing this word *Kavvri* calathum by that of *Canister* in English, I have followed the example of Dryden, who renders Virgil's *tibi lilia plenis ecce ferunt nymphae calathis*

Calchas the Seer, the sword, which he first drew,  
 Then plung'd again into its sheath, and crown'd  
 With braided flowers the lovely victim's head.  
 But round the altar of the Goddess ran  
 The Son of Peleus, in his hands he bore  
 A canister, and vase with lustral streams,  
 Exclaiming, " O thou Goddess of the chase,  
 " Daughter of Jove, Diana, who pervad'st  
 " With thy resplended orb the midnight gloom,  
 " Accept this sacrifice: the Grecian host,  
 " And Agamemnon our illustrious King,  
 " To thee devote this spotless Virgin's blood:  
 " Grant an auspicious voyage to the fleet,  
 " And that our arms may level Ilion's towers."

" White lilies in full Canisters they bring."

What more encourages me to do this, and indeed first suggested it to me, is the article Canister in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, where this line is produced as an instance of the word's *primary* signification. The reading of *Κολων σωθῆν* is supported by the editions of Aldus, Basil 1537, Barnes, Mr. Markland, and, according to Dr. Musgrave, a concurrence of ancient manuscripts; the change of *σωθῆν* into *ἐσωθῆν* occurs in the second Basil edition of 1544, and has been copied by Canterus and others; it seems to have originated from the Latin version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus Basil 1541, where it stands *vaginæ*; *ἐσωθῆν* is revived by Pierseon and Reiskius, the former in his customary strain calls Barne's defence of *σωθῆν* inepta, and expresses his restoring what is the genuine text, by the words *arripuit et intravit*. Lambinus's explanation of Lucretius's *ferum celate ministros*, L. i. v. 91, cited by Dr. Musgrave, is, *vaginâ tectum conditumque habere*. Dr. Musgrave, however, proposes reading *ὄλων σωθῆν* intra molam salam, and abundantly proves from Homer and Aristophanes that salted cakes were borne on the canisters or baskets here spoken of: but the idea of hiding the sword destined to pierce the bosom of the Princess, by thrusting it into a cake, would very ill suit the dignity of the scene before us, and give it a ludicrous air, more resembling Dangerfield's meal-tub plot, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia.



800 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

But, fixing on the ground their stedfast eyes,  
 Both Atreus' sons, and every warrior stood;  
 The Priest now seiz'd the falchion, to the Gods  
 His prayers address'd, and mark'd the virgin's neck  
 Where best to strike: Lifelt no common pang,  
 And stood with eyes fast rivett'd to earth,  
 When, lo, a miracle! all heard the stroke;  
 But how the virgin vanish'd, whither went,  
 Could no man comprehend, Loudly the Priest  
 And the whole host cried out, when they beheld,  
 Sent by some God; a phantom strange and wondrous:  
 Scarce could they credit what their eyes survey'd.  
 A gasping Hind lay stretch'd upon the ground,  
 Of the most beauteous and majestic form;  
 The altar of Diana with her gore  
 Was sprinkled plenteously. O think what joy  
 Calchas then felt: "Ye valians chiefs," he cried,  
 "Of the confederate Grecian host, observe ye  
 "This victim, which the Goddess to her altar  
 "Hath brought, a Hind on the steep mountains bred!  
 "This to the Maid, she, lest illustrious blood  
 "Pollute her Shrine, prefers, accepts our homage,  
 "Will grant a prosperous voyage, and our fleet  
 "Waft to the shores of Iliou: let fresh courage  
 "Each sailor warm, repair ye to your barks;  
 "This day the straits of Aulis shall we leave,  
 "Borne on our passage cross the Ægean deep."  
 Soon as the flame Vulcanian had consum'd  
 The substituted victim, that the troops  
 Victorious to their country might return [45]

[45] By rendering *propterea*, *trajedum*, instead of *reditum* (with the other versions, and conformably to the more obvious meaning of the word), Mr. Markland I apprehend greatly weakens this passage. Calchas has just been foretelling a prosperous voyage, and therefore to describe him immediately after as *merely* praying for *that*, would be an insipid tautology. But his

Mitteilung

I  
Th' inter  
He tells us  
Borne to cells

What God hath stol'n  
Shall I invoke thee, who  
But is not this a specious tale  
Merely that I no longer may  
Thy fate?

prophetic skill ceased with foretelling the conquest  
the prayer which ensues, like that of Homer's Achilles  
half of his friend Patroclus, and Aruna's patriam vel  
glorius urbem in Virgil, must necessarily turn the thought  
the reader to the *αἰσῶν τρυχῶν* of the Grecian forces predicted by  
Cassandra in Lycophron, and leave a very strong impression of  
melancholy on his mind, from the knowledge he has that the  
vows here offering up proved in a great measure ineffectual.

shores,  
quith'd Troy.

FINIS.









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